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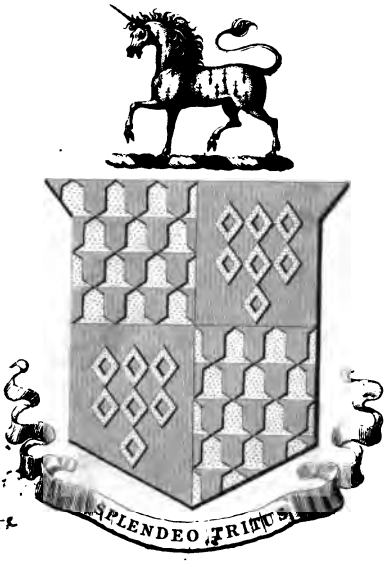

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THE

LAKE OF KILLARNEY:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By ANNA MARIA PORTER,

AUTHOR OF OCTAVIA, WALSH COLVILLE, &c. &c.

Qual Sacrificio
Padre farei
Sè faſſe il vincere
Gli affetti mici,
Opra ſi facile
Per queſto cor?

What ſacrifice ſhould I make, if conquering my affection were an eaſy taſk for my heart? METASTASIO.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES,
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1804.

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TO THE REVEREND

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE,

RECTOR OF LESBURY IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon the genius, taſte, and judgment of him, to whom I would dedicate this work, I become inclined to withhold from myſelf, ſo great a pleaſure: but when the certainty of his indulgent friendſhip preſents itſelf to my mind, I am releaſed from my apprehenſion, and chearfully haſten to inſcribe theſe volumes with the

name of Percival Stockdale. In every ſituation of life, mere will, as much as will accompanied by power, ought to be the object of grateful approbation; if ſo, may I not hope, that even this trifle will not fail of exciting ſome pleaſurable emotions in your equitable breaſt? ſuch as it is, I offer it with my whole heart; had it contained the beautiful morality, and maſterly delineations of Richardſon, be aſſured that it ſhould never have been addreſſed to any other protector.

As a man, as an author, and as a friend, I have ever conſidered you, ſir, with the warmeſt admiration: to your mental and moral excellence in theſe characters, poſterity will, I truſt, render that juſtice which has

has been denied to you, by your cotemporaries; and time, encircle your tomb with that garland, which ought to have enwreathed your living brow! In such hope—nay, such belief—I seize the present opportunity of publicly declaring myself,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, grateful,

and respectful servant,

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

PREFACE.

BEFORE this work is perused by the reader, I beg to declare, that it makes no pretensions to any praise, but that of inoffensiveness: It was written at different times, merely as an amusement for the languid hours, which followed long and repeated fits of sickness; and is not, therefore, brought forward now, as a candidate for literary honours.

I have no hesitation in publishing such a production, for this reason; hundreds of novels are brought out every year, and some have the most pernicious tendency, yet all are eagerly read: there *are* people who read nothing else; and if one harmless romance (which, without aiming to inculcate any great moral lesson,

leſſon, ſtill endeavours to draw amiable portraits of virtue) can occupy thoſe hours, which would otherwiſe have been employed in imbibing the poiſon of licentiouſneſs or infidelity, ſurely the writer is not reprehenſible for having printed it?

I truſt that I have now deprecated the ſeverity of criticiſm, ſince I honeſtly confeſs my mediocrity, and prepare my readers for the unimportance of my work.

Thames-Ditton,
June 1804.

THE

THE

LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

ONE tempeſtuous night in the October of 1793, a carriage ſtopped at the door of a ſolitary old houſe on the borders of the Lake of Killarney. After much difficulty the driver made himſelf heard by a ſervant, who putting his head out of an attic window, demanded the reaſon for ſuch diſturbance. A young man in the carriage anſwered him. "I am a friend of your maſter;" ſaid he, "pray haſten down, and let me in."

Mr. ONiel himſelf appeared. At the ſound of a voice ſo well known, and ſo beloved, he hurried from his window to the door; and amidſt a multitude of

welcomes and queſtions, the ſtranger leaped from the poſt-chaiſe, and entered the houſe. The light which Mr. ONiel carried, being extinguiſhed by a ſtrong guſt, prevented him from reading in the agitated face of his young friend, that anguiſh which would have checked his own happineſs. The traveller was too well acquainted with the rooms in Caſtle Connel, to be confounded by the darkneſs. He made his way inſtantly to a parlour, (in which a ſervant had placed a candle,) and ſhutting the door, approached Mr. ONiel to ſpeak. Fortitude forſook him as he did ſo; he ſqueezed his friend's hand with extreme violence, and then ſunk upon a ſeat, unable to command, or to explain his feelings.

"Good Heaven! What is the matter, my dear Felix?" ſaid the reſpectable old gentleman, caſting a glance over his friend's

friend's black cloaths; "I hope your father——"

"My father!" repeated the traveller riſing indignantly, and flaſhing his large dark eyes almoſt fiercely upon Mr. O Niel. He took a few haſty ſteps acroſs the room; then ſuddenly ſtopping, added with a ghaſtly ſmile, "Lord Roſcommon is married."

Mr. O Niel, ſpeechleſs with amazement, raiſed his eyes to Heaven. Felix Charlemont covered his: for a few moments, he remained motionleſs and ſilent; then aſſuming a gay, but not leſs wild air, he exclaimed, "Come; make no remarks on this horrid truth, I beg of you! but be charitable enough to excuſe my abrupt appearance, and to give me a bed."

"I don't think it ſafe to obey you exactly," replied his friend, ringing the bell; "you are too agitated my dear boy, to be ſent ſoon to a ſolitary cham-

ber. Compoſe your ſpirits. My Siſter I hear is up; ſhe will ſee to the airing of a bed for you, whilſt Roſe ſhall prepare you ſome ſupper."

Charlemont bowed his aſſent; and Mr. ONiel proceeded to diſpatch a ſervant with theſe orders to Mrs. Heſter.

The appearance of that lady and the beautiful Roſe, awakened Charlemont from a trance of thought. Mrs. Heſter embraced him with cordiality; but Roſe, timidly ſhrank from the kiſs which he mechanically preſſed upon her lips: palpitating and agitated, ſhe diſengaged herſelf from the embrace of the man, who touched her ſoft hands without emotion, and relinquiſhed them without regret. She had been rouſed from dreams of Charlemont, by Charlemont's voice; and now in a tremor of troubled joy, ſhe beheld him in reality; the ſame intereſt-

ing,

ing, and noble-looking creature, which he had appeared four years ago.

"I am come to ſtay ſome weeks with you, my dear Madam;" ſaid Charlemont, as Mrs. Heſter ſeated herſelf beſide him at the upper table; "and hope, by my future good conduct, to obtain your pardon for the confuſion I am now occaſioning in your family! Can you take me in, for ſo long a time?"

"For ever," returned Mrs. Heſter," I think I need not tell my dear Felix, *how* dear he is to us all!"

"Come, come!" cried Mr. ONiel, "you don't conſider that this poor boy is fainting for refreſhment. Do be ſilent, till he has eaten ſomething, and taken a glaſs of wine. Niece! fill Mr. Charlemont's glaſs."

Roſe ſilently obeyed; and as Charlemont thanked her, his melancholy eyes met hers: a ſudden blaze of pleaſure

lighted up his whole countenance, whilſt with brotherly delight, he remarked how much her perſon had improved.

"You are ſo handſome Roſe," ſaid he with a ſmile, "that I ſhall find you dangerous, I fear!"

"You will find our Roſe juſt the ſame as when you left her;" replied Mr. ONiel, "and if you don't ſpoil her with nonſenſe, like this, I truſt ſhe will always continue ſo!"

"Well, but what whim brought you to Ireland?" aſked Mrs. Heſter, "what made you take us ſo by ſurpriſe?"

The lively light in Charlemont's eye, was immediately quenched: a deep colour ſuffuſed his countenance.

"My reaſon for this ſtrange conduct," ſaid he, "is a ſad, and a ſtrong one: My father is married. Forgetful of the memory of that wife, who ſuffered ſo much for him; who lived, but for his happineſs;

happineſs; and who died, to ſave his life; he has given all her rights, and honours, to the moſt infamous creature in exiſtence; he has married Lady Emily M'Donald!"

"This is a dream!" exclaimed Mrs. Heſter.

"O! that it were!" cried Charlemont, "O! that I could again preſs to my filial heart, a father it might reſpect!—Now!—diſgraced, inſulted, agonized, by his conduct; I am obliged to ſeek in another country, forgetfulneſs of an evil, which would haunt me for ever in my own!—While this deteſted union was in treaty, I exerted myſelf powerfully to oppoſe it. I reminded my father, of all that he owed to the memory of my mother; to his own unſullied reputation; to the honour of his anceſtors, and his deſcendants; but he was deaf to my entreaties. Faſcinated by the arts

and charms of Lady Emily, he perſiſted:—and I left him.—Left him never to return!"

"You were too precipitate, my dear Felix!" ſaid Mr. ONiel, "you ſhould have well conſidered the conſequences of ſuch a ſtep."

"What!" exclaimed the impetuous Charlemont, his eyes flaſhing indignation; "and would *you* have had me remain in that houſe, where I had ſeen the beſt of women die in defence of the man, who has now forgotten her? Remain, to witneſs the licentious revelries of Lady Emily M'Donald; to ſee her clothed in my mother's jewels; occupying my mother's apartments; and diſhonouring *her* huſband?—O no! ſooner would I drop at this inſtant, blaſted on the earth, than witneſs ſuch horror and degradation!"

The

The rapid tranſitions of feeling, which alternately faded and coloured the fearfully-expreſſive countenance of Charlemont, communicated themſelves to Roſe: pale and horror-ſtruck, ſhe gazed upon his face, and liſtened to his voice.

Mrs. Heſter trembled.

"Be compoſed, my dear Felix!" ſaid ſhe, "for heaven's ſake be temperate! you know we all have our troubles, and therefore *you* muſt be reſigned. What will become of you through life, if you thus rave and ſtruggle, under your firſt misfortunes."

"O! not my *firſt*, madam!" returned Felix, tears dropping from his eyes; "my firſt misfortune, was the loſs of my mother. Years cannot waſte away the memory of that dreadful moment!—And now, when Lord Roſcommon obtrudes on me another mother, every gaſh of my former wounds, opens afreſh.—But I

diſturb you all," added he, looking gratefully round, and taking the hand of Roſe, (who ſat next him), gently in his; "this hand, wet with tears which I have occaſioned, reminds me, how ſelfiſh I am.—Come," continued he, riſing, "ſend me to my room; and you, my kind friends, return to yours."

Mr. ONiel roſe.

"You are right;" ſaid he, "a night's reſt will do more towards compoſing your ruffled ſpirits, than all our exhortations; ſo take your candle, and go to your old apartment. Good night to you, my dear boy. Sleep as ſound, and as long as you can; and come down in the morning with a more cheerful countenance."

Charlemont languidly ſmiling, ſhook hands with the little party, and retired.

He entered his own room. A deep ſigh followed the recollection, of the happy days he had paſſed there when a child;

child; and the painful though adoring remembrances which had ached in his heart, when he returned again, after his mother's death. He put down his candle, and opened the caſement. The wind ruſtled among the thick trees that ſtill ſhaded the garden; and the roaring of the Lake yet ſwelling, though the ſtorm was paſt, again came in echoes to his ear.

"Ah! *you* are ſtill the ſame, dear ſcenes of my earlieſt days!" exclaimed he, gazing on the romantic banks and iſlands of the Lake; "I, I only, am altered!"

He leaned for ſome time at the window, unconſcious even of thought, till a ſudden ſquall of hail and wind beating in his face, rouſed him from his lethargy. He cloſed the ſhutter; and in a few minutes afterwards, found repoſe from ſuffering, upon a well-aired pillow.

In the morning, Charlemont entered the breakfaſt parlour, with ſomething like cheerfulneſs. The family were already aſſembled. And notwithſtanding it was now the middle of October, the ſcenery which preſented itſelf from the large bay-window; and the flowers that were placed in jars and baſkets round the room, were all rich and luxuriant.

"I never viſit this beautiful place," ſaid Charlemont, after the firſt ſalutations were over; "without renewed admiration. Indeed, I can conceive no happineſs more complete, than the poſſeſſion of ſuch a houſe as this on the bank of Killarney, with books, muſic, and friendſhip. You are very happy, my dear Mr. ONiel!"

"I acknowledge it," returned the old gentleman; "and though *I* have contrived to ſpend the laſt *five-and-twenty* years of my life in perfect comfort, with nothing

nothing but books, muſic, and friends; yet, I query, whether *you* would find yourſelf *quite* content, after even *two* years reſidence, without ſomething dearer than a friend?—*I* never wanted a wife, while I could retain my dear Hetty;" laying his hand affectionately upon that of Mrs. Heſter's; "but *you* have no ſiſter."

Charlemont ſighed; then turning towards Roſe, who was preparing his coffee; "What kind hand has decorated my room ſo gaily? When I awoke this morning, I hardly knew my apartment again; ſo many excellent drawings, and ſo much taſte in their arrangement, made me at a loſs to recollect my plain pannelled, old-faſhioned bed room."

"I believe you have to thank Roſe for that;" returned Mr. ONiel, "ſhe employed herſelf long ago, in ornamenting

ing her play-fellow's room. I hope its finery did not deſtroy your reſt?"

"O no, I never ſlept more profoundly."

"I ſuppoſe, Mr. Charlemont," ſaid Miſs de Blaquiere, "that you have been too long uſed to London amuſements to reliſh, as you formerly did, the ſimple pleaſures of Killarney? However, though you may decline our old walks and rides, yet I hope you have not forgotten to play on the flute!"

"I will never forget any thing that you wiſh I ſhould remember," replied Charlemont; "and if Mr. ONiel will again truſt you to my care, I will engage to race with you, over every mountain in the neighbourhood."

"Very well! I ſhall not loſe ſight of your promiſe, I aſſure you," replied Roſe, "but you will find yourſelf miſtaken, if you think I ſhall be ſoon fatigued;

tigued; I will engage to tire you out in an hour: remember I am not ſixteen now."

Charlemont had fallen into a reverie, and did not hear the concluſion of Miſs de Blaquiere's ſpeech: he ſat with his eyes mournfully fixed upon the fire, drawing at intervals, deep and heavy ſighs.

Mr. ONiel, with an aching heart, looked ſilently upon him: he ſaw the nobleſt image of mortal beauty before him, ſublime even in its wreck; and diſtinctly reading in the diſturbed and fluctuating fire of Charlemont's inſufferably bright eyes, the alarming impetuoſity of paſſion, he trembled for the happineſs, nay even the rectitude of his beloved Felix.

Mrs. Heſter, ſeeing that her brother and gueſt had already concluded their ſhort meal, roſe, and motioning to Miſs de Blaquiere, went with her out of the room.

room. Mr. ONiel waited until his confiderate ſiſter had ſhut the door; then laying his hand gently upon the ſhoulder of the ſtarting Charlemont; "This muſt not be, my dear Felix!" ſaid he, "you muſt rouze yourſelf from this unmanly depreſſion. You muſt come to ſome rational determination as to your future conduct. Surely you do not ſerioufly mean to part from your father for ever?"

"For ever," repeated Charlemont with energy; "I ſwear to you, by all that is ſacred in Heaven, and valuable on earth——"

"Hold Felix! For mercy hold!—My dear boy, remember that he is ſtill your father; ſtill the man once loved by your mother!"

"Yes, he is the man," cried Charlemont, riſing with fury; "who brings a proſtitute to the chaſte bed which *ſhe* once poſſeſſed; who diſhonours *her* children,

dren, ſquanders *her* fortune, and ſtabs his own fame! No, no Mr. ONiel; I *will* renounce him: from this hour we meet no more.—Think you, that I will ever enter a houſe that contains Lady Emily M'Donald? Think you, that I will ever acknowledge that wretch, as Lady Roſcommon; who, while yet wife to the late Mr. M'Donald, would have ſeduced and corrupted the ſon of her preſent huſband?—I am not mad, nor malicious, Mr. ONiel, when I declare to you, by all my hopes of ſalvation! that this ſhameleſs creature, two years ago, was notoriouſly in love with *me*; and that familiar with intrigue, (upon which her ſordid huſband wilfully ſhut his eyes,) ſhe would have joyfully ſatiſfied her own baſe paſſion, at the expence of my future peace of mind."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. ONiel, "Is this poſſible!"

"I claim

"I claim no merit for ſpurning her deteſted favours;" continued Charlemont, his cheek burning with honeſt ſhame; "for I loathed her abandoned heart too much, ever to admire her alluring perſon: but like a fool, I deſtroyed every letter which ſhe wrote to me. Had I then foreſeen how uſeful I might have made them!—But that is over.—Suffice it to ſay, my excellent friend!—that on my father's avowal of his intentions reſpecting Lady Emily, I made him acquainted with all that had paſſed between us. He received this confeſſion with contempt; taxed me with falſehood; and aſſured me, that Lady Emily had herſelf told him, how I had preſumed upon her maternal attentions towards me.—In a week after this, he married her. And I haſtening to Holyhead, threw myſelf into a packet; and hurried to find in *your* happy dwelling, all the love

love and virtue, which my wretched father has abandoned."

"You are exonerated, my friend!" exclaimed Mr. ONiel, preſſing him in his arms; "and may Heaven, long give you grace to withſtand ſuch temptations as this you deſcribe! I cannot blame you for breaking every tie with ſuch a father."

"How this comforts me!" replied Felix, "but whilſt I declare my firm reſolve, never to exiſt again under the ſame roof with Lord Roſcommon; yet be aſſured, that ſhould ſorrow ever overtake this unhappy man, I will then remember that he is the father I once loved!—O how fondly!"

The voice of Charlemont faultered as he concluded; and haſtily ſnatching his hand from that of his friend, he ſeized his hat, and ruſhed out into the woods.

Roſe, meanwhile, in obedience to Mrs. Heſter, was gathering apples in the

the orchard; ruminating on the ſtrong aſcendancy of her love for Felix Charlemont, which till laſt night, ſhe had believed to be nearly conquered; and moralizing on the probable conſequence of a late folly of her own. She felt, that a well-grounded affection, once implanted, may be repreſſed; but can never be thoroughly uprooted, even by vigorous exertions; and ſhe now bitterly lamented, having yielded to this attachment at firſt.

When Roſe was a child of eight years old, Charlemont (then four years older,) came to ſpend a twelvemonth at Caſtle-Connel. His parents were going to Liſbon on account of Lady Roſcommon's health, and therefore they committed him to the care of Mr. ONiel, (an old friend of Lady Roſcommon's,) who in conſequence of a ſevere chronic diſorder, had left the Navy many years; and was then living with his maiden ſiſter,

ſiſter, in the neighbourhood of Killarney. Felix, on the return of his parents, quitted Ireland with violent regret. The boat, which Mr. ONiel kept for him, upon the Lake; and the little poney, that ſcampered with him over the ſurrounding country; were objects never to be forgotten.

Upon the dreadful death of Lady Roſcommon, which happened ſeven years afterwards, he returned to his Iriſh friends. Change of ſcene, and the attentions of the excellent Mr. ONiel, contributed to calm the wild agonies of Charlemont's tumultuous and impatient ſoul. He learned to reſpect the equanimity with which his old friend ſubmitted to a painful diſorder; and to ſchool his own heart into ſomething like the ſame reſignation. But Mr. ONiel could only practiſe virtue; he could not argue upon it. With the beſt principles in

the

the world, to regulate his own conduct, he was a bad adviſer for others; and when he looked on Charlemont's manly cheek mantling with ſudden crimſon, he forgot in admiring the effect, the perilous cauſe by which it was produced. In ſhort, Mr. ONiel, by his unlimited indulgence, would have ruined a heart leſs noble than that of the young Felix. As it was, he dangerouſly added to his raſh and impaſſioned temper.

Roſe de Blaquiere, (then juſt ſixteen,) ſilently obſerved; and ſtrove to ſoften the too-vivid colouring of Charlemont's mind. Occupied ſolely in the taſk of amuſing and enlivening him, ſhe wilfully ſhut her eyes upon the fearful intereſt he was hourly gaining in her boſom. As Charlemont's griefs were all phrenſies, they impelled him to plunge with furor into any paſtime that promiſed to lull his regrets: he was therefore ſeldom in Caſtle-

tle-Connel. Shooting, hunting, and cricket, were purſued with the eagerneſs of laborious occupations: often has he rambled about from day-break to moon-riſe, in ſearch of game; and then returned to Mr. ONiel's, pale with fatigue, and ſick with faſting. At theſe times, all the flood of his affliction, bore down with renewed violence upon his ſoul; and loſt in thought, he ſaw not the trembling hand of the lovely Roſe, which preſented him the wine; nor heard the faultering voice, which urged him to drink it. Sunk in melancholy abſtraction, or rouſed to whirlwinds of agony, the tenderneſs of Roſe de Blaquiere perpetually ſurrounded him, without his being conſcious of its exiſtence: and when after ſome time, his countenance became illuminated with tranſient cheerfulneſs, he repaid her fondneſs by the calm attentions of friendſhip only.

Having

Having ſtaid ten months at Killarney, he was recalled to England on the departure of his brother Lord Tyrone, for the continent. Time and occupation, (for he entered the army ſoon after his arrival,) contributed to eraze from his breaſt, much of its former regret: he gradually mixed with ſociety; and continued to be at once happy, admired, and envied, until that diſgraceful event took place, which ſent him a third time to Killarney.

A ſimilar compoſure, ſtilled the tumults of Roſe de Blaquiere's mind. On Charlemont's departure for England, ſhe had vowed internally to love him for ever: but after the lapſe of a year; after ſeeing her name mentioned in his letters, with expreſſions of mere friendlineſs; and hearing how admired, and how gay he had become; ſhe called reaſon, rather than pride to her aſſiſtance; and ſucceed-

ed in reſtoring chearfulneſs to her heart and manners. It is true, Charlemont was ſtill warmly remembered; was ſtill the man whom ſhe could have loved eternally, had his affection ſanctioned hers: but certain that if ſhe continued to do ſo, her life would be ſpent in the vain purſuit of a ſhadow, ſhe heroically perſiſted in ſeeking, and finding pleaſure among the delicious walks, and ſocial parties, on the banks of Killarney.

At this period ſhe was awakened from a dream of Charlemont, by the ſound of his voice. Starting from her bed, ſhe flew to the window, (careleſs of the cold wind that blew keenly acroſs her defenceleſs face and boſom.) A confirmation of her hopes followed: burſting into tears, ſhe half exclaimed, as ſhe cloſed the caſement; "How! I love him ſtill!"

In truth, the dream which had preſented Charlemont to her, ſteering her as he

formerly did, in the sailing-boat, by moonlight, on the Lake, had softened her heart to the tendereſt recollections. The ſound of his voice finiſhed this effect: in one moment, the labour of four years was annihilated; and Roſe de Blaquiere met Felix Charlemont in the parlour, with an agitation which ſhe found it difficult to conceal.

After this brief ſketch of our ſtory previous to Mr. Charlemont's appearance, we will return to Charlemont himſelf; whom we left hurrying out into the woods, that ſhade the old edifice of Caſtle-Connel. Filled with reflections, to which his converſation with Mr. ONiel had given birth, he traverſed the beautiful borders of the Lake, at firſt unconſcious of their beauties; until the accumulated charms of unrivalled ſcenery, preſſed before his eyes, and rouſed him into admiration. He now ſuffered the exhi-

larating air to freſhen his languid ſpirits; and gazing upon the lofty banks, rich in autumnal verdure, almoſt forgot that he was *not* not the happieſt being in the world.

He returned home to dinner, juſt as the family of the ONiels were ſitting down to table.

"You know our cuſtoms, Felix;" ſaid Mr. ONiel, with good humour, "and you muſt either conform to them, or take as you uſed to do, cold meat and ſallad. But come; ſit down."

Felix threw his hat away, and took his ſeat. As he replied to his friend's addreſs, he ſhook back the cluſtering profuſion of his dark hair, and diſplayed a complexion, glowing as well with pleaſure as with exerciſe.

"I have had a delightful ramble;" ſaid he, "and am returned to you,

not quite such a fool as I was in the first part of the day."

"You glad my heart, by this assurance," replied Mrs. Hester; "we love you at all times, Felix; but never so much, as when you comply with the wishes of your friends."

Charlemont, answered her with an ingenuous smile; then turning to Rose, "I dare say *you* think me a very thoughtless, mutable, inconsistent creature! Don't you, Miss de Blaquiere?"

"Why, should I think so?"

"Why?—Because—because I believe I am so. With precisely the same motives for grief, as I had at ten o'clock this morning, I find myself at four, almost happy."

A sigh suffocated the last words, and a cloud again darkened his eyes. He looked down for an instant; then suddenly

denly raiſing his head, challenged Mrs. Heſter to drink a glaſs of wine.

The dinner was ſoon, but chearfully diſpatched; and the deſert had juſt made its appearance, when a ſervant entered, and told Mr. ONiel that he was wanted.

"By whom?"

Aleck bowed; "faith! and by a poor woman that wants charity, your honour."

"I thought as much," ſaid Mrs. Heſter, cloſing the pocket-holes of her gown, and croſſing her hands; "there never will be an end of applications, if you are ſo good natured, brother. Pray Aleck, who ſent the woman?"

"Faith! and I never ſaw her before, in all my born days;" cried Aleck; "I don't ſo much as know the *crater*'s name. As to *my* telling her any thing of his honour's charity, by all the croſſes in a thouſand yards of chequer! I never mentioned a word of it. O, if it's that,

madam *manes*, faith and troth, I never open'd my lips *at all at all!*—It's a very cold day to be ſure," added he, ſwinging the door to and fro, as if loth to depart; "and the *crater* has not taſted even a potatoe for theſe two days—and ſhe is big with child, your honour; and has two little girls beſides."

Miſs de Blaquiere ſtarted from her chair; while Charlemont riſing too, ſlipped a piece of gold into the hand of the compaſſionate Aleck.

"Shall I go and ſee what this poor woman is?" ſaid Roſe.

"No, no; I will go myſelf."

Mr. ONiel immediately left the room with Aleck. Mrs. Heſter remained ſilent for a moment, then riſing, advanced to the door.

"If the poor ſoul is really an object —" ſhe did not finiſh the ſentence, but haſtened after her brother.

Roſe

Roſe and Charlemont were now left together. The former, to remove the awkwardneſs of her ſituation, opened one of the windows, and began to take in ſome plants, which grew in pots before it. Charlemont ſat down on a ſeat beſide her, viewing in ſilence, a dim ſtretch of landſcape already darkened by the twilight. The ſound of footſteps without, ſucceeded to an offer of aſſiſtance, which was made by Charlemont to Miſs de Blaquiere; and immediately, a handſome young man in regimentals, appeared at the open window.

"My ſweet little Roſe!" cried he, familiarly ſeizing the hand, that was juſt going to lift a flower pot; "How are you this evening? What, all alone!" peeping curiouſly into the room, but overlooking Charlemont, who was concealed by a fold of the curtain; "then now is my time! a confounded engagement at

Fort Kerry, makes me unable to ſtop a moment. I can only tell you, that Gabrielle ſent her love to you; that you look as beautiful as the evening ſtar; and that there is a letter for you—"

So ſaying, he ſnatched the hand of the ſpeechleſs Roſe to his lips; and ran off, with all the lightneſs of youth and vivacity.

The ſhades of the evening could not conceal the bluſhes which covered the face of Miſs de Blaquiere. Mortified and confounded, ſhe remained with the letter in her hand at the open window; while Charlemont, pitying her confuſion, roſe and walked up to the piano-forte. A profound ſilence followed. Roſe was loſt in the ſhame of being detected by the man ſhe loved, in a clandeſtine intercourſe with a man to whom ſhe was indifferent; and Charlemont was gravely ruminating upon the dangerous ſtate

of

of a beautiful, animated girl, who, placed in that ſituation where every new emotion is ſeized as opening the path to a new pleaſure, hurries into errors; and is perhaps, finally entangled in the web of her own indiſcretions.

The entrance of Mr. ONiel and his ſiſter, relieved Roſe and Charlemont, from this diſagreeable embarraſſment. Mrs. Heſter declared that the poor woman was indeed deſerving of much pity; and, announced her intention of employing her about the houſe.

"Her father ſerved in my ſhip, when I commanded the Diamond;" ſaid Mr. ONiel; "and a very brave fellow he was. She tells me too, that her huſband died ſome months ago, of wounds he received, while with the army abroad; and that ſhe is now, with two helpleſs babies, ſent to ſtarve and wander through

her native country. We muſt keep them all three—Hetty has already given her ſome warm cloaths and victuals."

"Ah! my aunt is all goodneſs!" cried Roſe; "ſhe now and then pretends to be indifferent to accounts of misfortune, only to conceal the ſenſibility of her excellent heart."

"I won't be flattered Roſe," ſaid the old lady, ringing for candles; "So! I ſee you have taken in the flowers!"

The boſom of Roſe palpitated at this; then endeavouring to aſſume an air of unconcern—"I thought the night too cold to leave them out; and whilſt I was ſtanding at the window, Captain Fitzpatrick came up to it."

"And why did he not come in, and take tea with us?" aſked Mr. ONiel.

"He was going to dine at Sir Kenelm OBrien's, and could not ſtay a moment; he

he only aſked how I did, and gave me a letter—from Madame de Villemar I ſuppoſe."

Her tongue faultered, and her eye fell, as ſhe pronounced the laſt words. They contained the firſt falſehood which Roſe had ever even implied, for ſhe well knew, that this letter was not likely to come from Madame de Villemar. On raiſing her eyes again, they found Charlemont's fixed upon her. Unconſcious that they were ſo, until he ſaw the eloquent blood once more ruſh into her cheek, he haſtily withdrew them, and addreſſed Mr. ONiel.

"And what does your friend ſay?" aſked Mrs. Heſter, "is ſhe coming to ſee us?"

"I don't know—I—I have not read the letter yet."

Mrs. Heſter made no farther remark; and Charlemont, benevolently anxious

to releaſe Miſs de Blaquiere from her embarraſſment, begged for a favourite air upon the piano. The evening then paſſed, in muſic, cheſs, and converſation; and Charlemont retired at an early hour to reſt, more chearful in mind than he could have imagined it poſſible.

Roſe alone, preſſed a ſleepleſs pillow. The hated letter, (which was indeed not from Madame de Villemar,) baniſhed reſt from her eyes.

"He will deſpiſe me!" ſhe repeated a thouſand times to herſelf; "Mr. Charlemont will ſuppoſe that I am attached to ſome man, of whom I am juſtly aſhamed. He will think that I deceive Mr. ONiel, and diſhonour myſelf. Well! I muſt take the conſequences of imprudence."

The next day, Charlemont propoſed a ſailing party on the Lake, againſt which Mr. ONiel objected his rheumatiſm,

and

and Mrs. Heſter ſome very important houſehold occupation.

"However you may go, and take Roſe with you;" ſaid Mr. ONiel, "'Tis a delicious day, and I dare ſay ſhe may be truſted with you."

"Miſs de Blaquiere will be in no danger from *me*," returned Charlemont, "and I accept your offer."

Roſe, who was preſent, gave a meaning to Charlemont's ſpeech which he did not ſuſpect. Haunted by the recollection of Captain Fitzpatrick's indiſcretion, ſhe fancied that Charlemont would never think of her now, without annexing to her character, the idea of impropriety. Under this impreſſion, ſhe tried to excuſe herſelf from accompanying him on the water; but he urged her ſo kindly, and looked ſo perſuaſive, that ſhe found it impoſſible to preſerve her reſolution.

At

At one o'clock, under an unclouded, but mild ſun, Roſe leaped lightly into the boat; and ſoon found herſelf at a diſtance from Caſtle-Connel. The little veſſel glided ſlowly along the ſhores, guided by the careful hand of the boatmen; while the thick trees, which in parts hung over projecting cliffs, at intervals ſwept her glowing cheek, as ſhe ſtood up, to admire the ſcenery.

The brightneſs of the water, the verdure of the banks, the azure of the ſky, and the freſhneſs of the air, exhilarated Charlemont. It is true, he now and then fell into a melancholy reverie; but he quickly rouſed himſelf, to converſe with his delighted companion. When they had entered the ſublime waters of the upper Lake, Charlemont put aſide a napkin, which concealed a little baſket hitherto unobſerved.

"I de-

"I declare Mrs. Heſter has furniſhed us with a dinner!" ſaid he; "She no doubt imagined we were going to voyage it round the world;" replied Miſs de Blaquiere, "tongue, fowls, tarts, wine! On my word, ſhe has calculated upon our having moſt outrageous appetites!"

"Well, ſuppoſe we take advantage of this plentiful meal? That hut on Romans Iſland, ſeems created on purpoſe for us. Shall we ſecure our boat, and eat our fowl there? Provided as we are, I think we ſhould be very ſilly to return to Caſtle-Connel to dinner."

In ten minutes afterwards, Charlemont had conſigned his little veſſel to the boatmen, ſpread the napkin, and carved the fowl; Roſe had never been ſo happy before. She ſaw pleaſure ſparkle in the effulgent eyes, and glow on the olive cheek of Charlemont; and her

own

own countenance reflected the animation of his.

Their dinner was followed by a ramble through the ſequeſtered ſcenes which lay before them; and Roſe leaning upon Charlemont's arm, and liſtening to Charlemont's voice, forgot that ſhe had once determined to conquer her attachment.

"Why muſt I ever leave you all!" ſaid he, with great tenderneſs; "when you have ſuch power over my wayward nature! why muſt I ſo ſoon be forced to relinquiſh pleaſures like theſe, which occupy, without diſſipating me? which exalt the ſoul; while they comfort it! Could I be put in poſſeſſion of my preſent wiſhes, I would ſpend my life in Killarney, under the roof of Mr. ONiel."

"Ah! theſe are your *preſent* wiſhes;" replied Miſs de Blaquiere, "but when you return into the world, you will forget

forget Caſtle-Connel, and to-day's amuſement."

Charlemont ſmiled a diſſent to this: he looked at her without ſpeaking. She had quickened her ſteps; and he now ſaw the outline only of her fine ſhape, and the back of her white neck, from which the wind lifted ſome long treſſes, that had fallen from under her hat. The ſtag-like likeneſs, and animation, which uſually played about her perſon, had given way to a ſofter grace. Charlemont gazed at her for a few moments, and then thought of Fitzpatrick.

"But what did you mean, Mr. Charlemont;" ſaid ſhe, turning round to him; "by ſaying that you muſt leave us ſoon? I thought you were to ſtay with us, a long, long time!"

"I am a ſoldier, you know, Miſs de Blaquiere; and muſt prefer duty to inclination. My leave of abſence was but

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for three months, one of which is nearly expired. Truſt me, I ſhall quit Caſtle-Connel with a regret, that is only equalled by the gratitude which I have for its dear inhabitants. Mr. ONiel, and his worthy ſiſter deſerve my warmeſt affection."

"They are the beſt of all human beings!" exclaimed Roſe with energy; "Without rights, without claims upon their kindneſs, *I* have received from them, love, education, ſupport; nay, almoſt life."

Charlemont looked at her with aſtoniſhment.

"You tax your gratitude with too vaſt a debt, my dear Miſs de Blaquiere. Surely the relation in which you ſtand to them——"

"You are miſtaken," ſaid Roſe, faintly, the colour fading from her cheek; "I am not their niece."

Charlemont

Charlemont ſtarted.

"Not the orphan of Mr. ONiel's ſiſter!—what are you then?"

"Nothing. A wretched, unloved creature; whoſe parents deſerted her at her birth. Near twenty years ago, about this very period, I was found at Mr. ONiel's door, then apparently but a week old; from that time, I have paſſed upon every one, as his niece. No proofs of my having parents in exiſtence, have ever been received.——O, Mr. Charlemont," continued ſhe, while the tears dropped rapidly from her eyes; "I am ſometimes very wretched, when I think on the unkindneſs of them that gave me birth. I could love them, heaven knows how ſincerely! if they would but let me."

Charlemont, affected by her recital, preſſed her hand without ſpeaking. His own misfortunes crowded upon his memory,

mory, and ſerved to endear her, by their ſimilarity. Both of them ſuffered from filial diſtreſs.

"I have never told this, to any one before;" added Roſe, wiping off her tears; "but I was led to it, I know not how; becauſe I believed you took an intereſt in me, and would not think the worſe of me; and becauſe I thought, Mr. ONiel's goodneſs ſhould be known to you in its fulleſt extent."

"You know not how you *have* intereſted, and affected me, my dear Roſe;" ſaid Charlemont, gravely taking her hand, "be aſſured, that the knowledge of your painful ſituation, has only contributed to heighten the intereſt, which I ſhall now never ceaſe to take in your fate. Conſider me as a brother, Roſe. Suffer me to aſſiſt you by my experience; and with my advice, whenever circumſtances may oppreſs, or embarraſs you.

you. Believe me, no creature upon earth, can ever occupy my thoughts more fully, than you are now doing. Again I entreat you, to look upon me as a brother."

'A thouſand blushing apparitions,' ſtarted into the face of Roſe, as he pronounced theſe words: as often was ſhe upon the point of diſcloſing her entanglement and her errors; but the ſad conviction that ſhe loved him, bore down her reſolutions, and whiſpered—"Will you not do this, with the hope of attaching him by your ſincerity?—"

The moment for confidence paſſed away; and Roſe, vexed at her want of courage, could only thank Charlemont, in a low voice, for his goodneſs.

"If I thought it poſſible," rejoined he, relapſing into gloom; "to leſſen the ſenſe of *your* affliction, by the portrait of mine, I would place it before you with a ſteady

a ſteady hand. Surely *my* lot is greatly aggravated, by having once revered the parent, I muſt now deſpiſe! you have never known, and ought never to regret, the mother who could deſert and forget you. But *my* mother! O Roſe, had you known *her*!"

Sighs choaked the utterance of Charlemont; he looked down, and a cloud of indignation paſſed over his brow. He muttered a few words to himſelf, and then reſumed.

"I will give you a ſhort account of this dear mother, in order to juſtify the otherwiſe unwarrantable reſentment which ſwells in my heart, againſt the man who diſgraces her children."

Roſe turned her eyes towards him. "You will perhaps agitate yourſelf too much;" ſaid ſhe, "I ought not to gratify *my* deſire of this information, at your expence.

expence. It will be better to change the ſubject."

"O no;" cried Charlemont, "never am I ſo ſtrangely happy, as when I talk of my mother."

Roſe bent her head in token of attention; and Charlemont proceeded.

"At fifteen, this lamented woman, became acquainted with Lord Roſcommon, then an untitled ſubaltern in the army, without expectations, and without fortune. He is ſtill a handſome man; and he then joined to all the graces of youth and beauty, the attractions of a gentle manner, and a cultivated taſte. My mother, meeting him conſtantly at the houſe of an intimate friend, was faſcinated by his perſon; and intereſted by that profound melancholy, of which his pecuniary embarraſſments were the ſole cauſe: She gave herſelf up with ardour to this firſt paſſion, and was rendered happy, by

by an animated declaration of the ſame ſentiments from Mr. Charlemont. The Duke of Bolingbroke her father, diſcovered this attachment; he was a furious man, and he ſeparated the unhappy lovers, with threats and imprecations: vows of conſtancy, were however exchanged: my father repaired to America with his regiment, whilſt my mother remained in England to lament his loſs. During eight years, ſhe patiently, but reſolutely, repelled every alliance that offered: true to Charlemont's memory, ſhe unrepiningly waſted the brighteſt bloom of her youth, to render him at laſt happy and affluent.

The death of the Duke of Bolingbroke releaſed her from this ſlavery. Romantically eager to ſhare the fate, and the dangers of Charlemont, ſhe immediately accompanied to America, the wife of a Colonel then on ſervice there. She

found her lover ſtill living and conſtant; and they were married. Barbarian that he is! How can he forget the fatigues, the terrors, the ſickneſs, ſhe endured for his ſake? How can he now remember with indifference, the ſleepleſs days and nights, which this heroic creature paſſed, holding him in her arms, adminiſtering to his wants, and weeping over his wounds?"

"You told me it would not agitate you!" interrupted Roſe, gazing with terror, on the flaſhing eyes, and diſordered ſteps of Charlemont; "O, do not go on!"

Charlemont, unmindful of her requeſt, purſued his narrative with rapidity.

"For two years after her marriage, ſhe was expoſed to all the damps of the country, and the dangers of the enemy; and bearing with chearfulneſs, hardſhips at which even the veteran ſoldier ſhrinks, ſhe encreaſed them heavily by the birth of my brother.

"About this time, our troops were recalled, and my parents returned to their native land. There, ſplendour and peace awaited them. My mother's vaſt fortune was ſoon enlarged by the eſtates of the Roſcommon family; which by the unexpected deaths of three perſons ſtanding between my father and the Earldom, were now all centered in the preſent Lord.

"I will paſs over, (for I dare not recall them,) the happy days of my childhood. Beloved moſt tenderly by my mother, I can remember no pleaſure ſo great, as that which I uſed to enjoy, whilſt ſitting on her knee, looking in her benign countenance, and playing with a ſilken ringlet of her beautiful hair. As I grew older, I was taught to appreciate her full value; for my father certainly adored her.

"Hourly

"Hourly yielding my impetuous diſpoſition to the ſoft controul of her mild aſcendancy, I dreamed not of loſing her; when one night I was awakened from a ſound ſleep, by ſomething like the murmur of ſtrange voices. It was the dead of winter; and to pleaſe a romantic whim of my father's, we were ſtaying with only two male ſervants, in a ſmall cottage upon Bagſhot Heath. Hardly awake, I leaped from my bed, and ſnatching up a ſword, ran inſtinctively into my mother's room: at the moment I entered, I ſaw one, of two wretches who were in the chamber, level a piſtol at Lord Roſcommon. My mother threw herſelf before him, and received the ball in her breaſt; ſhe fell, without a groan. How am I to deſcribe to you the confuſion which followed? The robbers eſcaped. My father! Yet I know not what became of him:—*I* threw my-

ſelf on the floor beſide my mother, and took her wildly in my arms:—I put my lips to her cheek, but it was chilled for ever. The kiſſes, the cries of her diſtracted ſon, could not reſtore the ſoul to the bleeding boſom, from whence it had flown. I gazed upon the triumphant ſmile which ſat on her mouth, till at laſt every object ſeemed to ſwim before me. *You* know what followed this, my dear Miſs de Blaquiere; you witneſſed, and reſpected my grief, for ſuch a loſs:—and you now ſympathiſe in the wounded feelings of a ſon, who lives to ſee ſuch a woman as this, ſupplanted by a creature too vile to deſcribe. Good Heaven! how I have agitated you!" added he, looking with aſtoniſhment, upon the convulſed and deluged countenance of the tender Roſe; "You muſt pardon me for this? Alas! ſorrow is always an egotiſt."

Roſe

Roſe could not anſwer. To her, this plain relation of affecting facts, had irreſiſtible power, ſince they were told her by the man ſhe loved, and were ſtrictly united with his future deſtiny. Charlemont, without further obſervations, drew her arm gently under his, and led her back to the boat.

A colder and ſtronger wind than that which had blown in the morning, ſoon wafted the young friends to Caſtle-Connel; where a bright turf fire, blazing with bog-wood;—and an exhilarating cup of Mrs. Heſter's beſt tea, awaited them.

CHAPTER II.

FROM this time, the ſpirits of Charlemont became more equal and temperate. He entered, with vivacity, into the avocations and amuſements of Roſe. He aſſiſted in nurſing her geraniums; he taught her Spaniſh; and partook with her in the pleaſures of archery and muſic.

For ſome days after the water-party, heavy rains confined the family to their own fire-ſide. On the firſt appearance of ſunſhine, a walk was propoſed by Mrs. Heſter; and Charlemont, preparing to attend her and Miſs De Blaquiere, was juſt reaching his hat, when the poſt brought him a letter from Edinburgh. An aſhy paleneſs immediately overſpread

overſpread his face, and he laid it unopened upon the table.

"Is it from Lord Roſcommon?" inquired Mr. ONiel.

"I fear it is," ſaid Charlemont, "and I would willingly be ſpared the peruſal of any thing from him."

"It may come from Lord Tyrone!"

"No, no; he and I have long ceaſed any correſpondence."

"How ſo?" and Mr. ONiel, as he aſked the queſtion, looked fearfully upon his young friend.

"Totally diſſimilar in habits and principles," replied Charlemont, with a bitter ſigh, "we have ever met without emotion, and parted without regret. His letters from Italy were cold and heartleſs; and his conduct, on his return home, ſo worthleſs, ſo trifling, ſo degrading, that I could never diſgrace myſelf by joining in his pleaſures, or aſſo-

ciating with his companions. Since his viſit to Sir John Hope, in Scotland, he has never favoured any branch of his family with a ſingle line; and as ſuch I have never deigned to write to him. Gifted with every grace of perſon, every endowment of mind, Tyrone makes my heart ache whenever I ſee him! To be capable of every thing, and yet contented to be nothing; nay, worſe than nothing! Oh, Sir! why did you ſpeak of him?"

"It is not the hand of the Earl then?" ſaid Mr. ONiel, holding out the letter which he had taken from the table.

Charlemont, upon this aſſurance, received it; and, turning to a window, eagerly peruſed the contents.

"You were right, Sir," ſaid he, "this does not come from Lord Roſcommon: it is written by one of the beſt young men in the world—Lord Glenroy."

"Lord Glenroy!" repeated Mrs. Heſter;

Heſter; "ſo, ſo! What, the Earl of Dunallen's ſon?"

"The ſame. He tells me, that his mother is coming to reſide for a ſhort time in this neighbourhood. If that be the caſe ——"

At this inſtant, Aleck threw open the door, and announced Madame de Villemar and Captain Fitzpatrick. Charlemont, at the ſound of the laſt name, ſolemnly vowed to himſelf, that he would not embarraſs Miſs de Blaquiere with a look; but even whilſt he made the vow, he turned his powerful eyes upon her, and ſaw her covered with bluſhes.

Mrs. Heſter, buſtling to get off her cloak and bonnet, received her gueſts in a flurry; Mr. ONiel ſhook them calmly by the hand; while Roſe, mortified and trembling, almoſt ſhrunk from the eager ſalutations of the gay Captain. Madame de Villemar was, however, met

with an ardent embrace; and as ſhe almoſt immediately began an animated converſation, Charlemont had full leiſure to contemplate her and the officer.

The enchanting candour and ſweetneſs which illuminated the countenance of Madame de Villemar; the ſimple, but graceful line of her perſon; the naïveté and warmth of her manners; and, above all, the certainty that ſhe was an unfortunate emigrée, attracted and intereſted Charlemont: not ſo Captain Fitzpatrick. To an arch, yet elegant face, and a figure which perſuaded one out of all reaſon that it was handſome, this young man carried about him ſo much appearance of over-rating his own perfections, that Felix, on being addreſſed by him, gave a cold reply, and turned haughtily towards the window.

"You are come to dine with us?" ſaid Mrs. Heſter to the French lady.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Fitzpatrick, not giving his couſin time to ſpeak, "ſhe promiſed me, upon her allegiance, that nothing ſhould prevail on her to do ſo. I laid my commands before we ſet out from Killarney, and *my* commands are never diſobeyed."

"You are a very important perſon then, I ſuppoſe Sir!" ſaid Charlemont, ſtill ſtanding at a diſtance, and contemptuouſly eyeing Fitzpatrick's ſlight, volatile figure, from head to foot, "by what ſtrange ſpell can *you* make ſlaves?"

The ironical tone of voice which accompanied theſe words, made Captain Fitzpatrick turn ſuddenly round. He looked admiringly for an inſtant, upon the loſty grandeur of Charlemont's perſon; then anſwered in a lively manner, "Oh! by firſt being their ſlave myſelf."

Charlemont, diſarmed by this good nature, ſmiled and ſat down.

"Nay, but you will dine with us my dear Gabrielle?" ſaid Roſe.

"I ſhould like it very much," replied Madame de Villemar; "but my couſin there told my mother, that we ſhould return to dinner, and bring you with us."

"Me! Oh, no, I will not go." Roſe bluſhed at the vehemence with which ſhe had ſaid this, and added, "I cannot, if I wiſhed it."

"I'll warrant you!" exclaimed Fitzpatrick, ſeizing her by the hand; "if Mrs. Heſter wants you to pickle, or darn, or ſtitch for her, I'll anſwer for your performing a double allowance of theſe things to-morrow. Come, come, you know not who you may meet at my áunt's! you well know what pleaſure your company will give to ſome of the party."

Roſe caſt down her eyes to conceal the anger, which would otherwiſe have lightened

lightened on him at this ſpeech; and repeated, with impatient quickneſs, that ſhe "hated ſeeing any body at the houſe of the Ducheſs de Rouſillon, except Gabrielle and the Ducheſs herſelf."

Fitzpatrick ſmiled archly; then ſilently caſting a look, full of ſtrange meaning upon her face, ſauntered to a flower-ſtand, and began plucking ſome geraniums. Charlemont, who caught the look, and had liſtened to the well-emphaſiſed ſpeech, which had been addreſſed to Miſs de Blaquiere, blazed internally with anger. If a glance could have given death, that withering one which he levelled at Fitzpatrick, would have killed him as it ſtruck.

"And ſo you won't go, Ma'm?" cried the giddy officer, advancing, and planting himſelf juſt oppoſite to her, with as much effrontery as good-nature; "you will poſitively ſtay here, in defiance

ance of all my rhetoric!" as he ſpoke, he glanced complacently at his own perſon in the glaſs; "very well, take your own way; but remember that I will puniſh you for this. I will not again run three miles as I did laſt week, only to pop my head in at yonder window; remember that, Roſe!"

Fitzpatrick, who thought that the ſecret of the letter, was known only to himſelf and Miſs de Blaquiere, gave a ſignificant nod as he concluded. Roſe, almoſt ready to weep, refuſed to anſwer him; while Charlemont ſat biting his lips, ruminating on the daring preſumption of this thoughtleſs young man; and nearly deſpiſing Roſe, for having ſelected *him*, as the object of her preference. Her preſent confuſion, and evident vexation, he could place to no other account, than the fear of being diſcovered through

through his means, to her aunt and uncle.

"And is this the artleſs, pure, and tender creature, whom I reſpected and admired ſo much, a few days ſince?" ſaid he to himſelf; "Is this ſuperior mind, to be captivated like that of a fool, by impudence and regimentals alone? How I have deceived myſelf! However, I will not be a ſpy upon them."

Thus thinking, he roſe from his ſeat, and making ſome ſlight apology for leaving the company, went precipitately out of the room.

Captain Fitzpatrick looked after him for a ſecond, then ſuddenly whiſking round, addreſſed Mr. ONiel.

"That's a confoundedly good-looking-fellow!" ſaid he, "if he had not ſuch a fierce pair of eyes. By Jove, I thought they would have ſtabbed me once

once or twice, when I was rattling out ſome of my cuſtomary nonſenſe. I preſume he ſets up for a demi-god, and would not ſtoop to trifle, for fear of ſpoiling the majeſty of his figure! What did you ſay his name is?"

"Charlemont," replied Mr. ONiel, rather angrily; "the Earl of Roſcommon's youngeſt ſon. A man, Sir! who has been taught to conſider the uncommon graces of his perſon, as of no value, if they were not accompanied by the higheſt mental acquirements."

"*A man!*" ſaid Fitzpatrick, whimſically imitating the tone of Mr. ONiel; "*who wants nothing of a God but eternity, and a heaven to throne in!* Come, don't look ſo abominably like this Mr. Mental Acquirements, my dear Sir! I have ſaid nothing to deſerve it; only I muſt have been blind, not to have ſeen the hatred he took to me, before I had ever

ever opened my lips! faith! I don't think there's any thing ſo *very* hateful in me, for all that."

Mr. ONiel laughed at the ſelf-pleaſed air with which young Fitzpatrick threw aſide the ſkirt of his coat, and glanced his eye along the line of his well-dreſſed limb. Madame de Villemar reproved him gently; and after ſome general converſation, roſe to depart. Miſs de Blaquiere, then entreated ſhe would come and dine at Caſtle-Connel, the third day from thence; and Fitzpatrick inſtantly inviting himſelf, in deſpite of all Roſe's coldneſs, ſallied off, with his couſin under his arm.

Charlemont meanwhile, in his own room was looking out of the window with perfect unconcern, as he ſuppoſed; only now and then ſuffering an exclamation of bitter ſcorn to eſcape his lips, whilſt he thought upon the flippant, fooliſh,

fooliſh, fop, whom Miſs de Blaquiere had choſen.

"She has certainly cheated me out of much affection and reſpect!" ſaid he to himſelf, while he unconſciouſly gazed upon the lake, which waſhed the banks directly beneath him; "I thought her far ſuperior to any woman; I now find her below them all."

Charlemont, in common with others who decide haſtily and paſſionately, at that moment pronounced a moſt unjuſt character of Roſe; but his reaſon had nothing to do with the deciſion: and therefore, when upon ſeeing Fitzpatrick depart, he returned to the parlour, he entered it with diſguſt and anger, which he could not entirely conceal from their unhappy cauſe.

The two days which intervened between the viſits of Captain Fitzpatrick, were painfully marked by Roſe. The happy

happy day ſhe had ſpent with Charlemont upon the Lake, ſeemed to warrant her expectation of being his frequent companion; but ſhe was diſappointed. Charlemont took his haſty breakfaſt both mornings, without any of that unconſtrained but tender attention, which hitherto, he had paid her; and then haſtened out, to ramble as he ſaid, over the heaths and hitherto untrodden glens of the Purple Mountains.

Mr. ONiel, tormented with his rheumatiſm; and Mrs. Heſter, occupied by her favourite plants and birds; had neither leiſure, nor motive, to watch a change of Charlemont's manner towards their dear girl; and they continued to talk to her, of Charlemont's virtues, of Charlemont's graces, till her heart ſickened with grief and mortification.

Each night, when they all parted in the gallery into which their chambers opened,

opened, Roſe ſaw Charlemont conſtantly ſhut his door without giving her that affectionate preſſure of the hand, which had ever been his cuſtom; her boſom ſwelled, and precipitately running into her own room, ſhe ſhed there, the painful tears of repulſed love, and ſlighted friendſhip.

The morning on which Madame de Villemar was expected, roſe bright and warm. Miſs de Blaquiere had ſecretly hoped it would rain.

"Yes, they will come!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, as her ſwimming eyes followed the figure of Charlemont, who glowing with renewed recollection of Fitzpatrick, was leaping rapidly over every impediment which intercepted him in leaving Caſtle-Connel. However, Mr. Charlemont will ſee little of them, I perceive! But if he ſhould; if it be my fooliſh agitation with Captain Fitzpatrick, that encreaſes

creaſes the ſuſpiçions, firſt raiſed by the horrid letter, I will throw it aſide. I will again, be gay and unembarraſſed.

Roſe, ſatisfied with this reſolution, ſat down to read; but was ſoon interrupted by the arrival of her friends. Fitzpatrick was taken directly up ſtairs by Mr. ONiel, who wanted to ſhew him ſome accurate maps of the ſeat of war, which he had juſt got down from Dublin; and Madame de Villemar was left with Roſe.

"Are we not to ſee Mr. Charlemont?" ſaid Gabrielle, looking round the room.

"At dinner, I ſuppoſe you will," replied Roſe, affecting to adjuſt the bow of her ſlipper, in hopes of concealing the bluſh, which that name ever occaſioned; "at preſent, he is walking I believe."

"I wiſh to ſee him again," rejoined Madame de Villemar, "becauſe his manners did not pleaſe me laſt Tueſday; and

A very edifying converſation now commenced, about the diſhoneſty of ſervants; the neceſſity of ſeeing to houſe-keeping one's-ſelf; the propriety of young women being taught every thing; and the ſad dearth of young men, who were inclined now-a-days to marry for love. The younger ladies of courſe aſſented to every one of theſe articles, and in particular to the laſt, at which each of them drew a deep ſigh.

Upon the re-entrance of the two gentlemen, Miſs de Blaquiere, who was extremely fond of the bow and arrow, propoſed archery, and led the way, to a piece of ground, in which Mr. O'Niel had placed targets and butts of turf, for her amuſement. There, ſhaded by the beautiful trees which waved above them; invigorated by the air; and animated by the exerciſe; Roſe and Gabrielle forgot Mrs. Heſter's ſage remarks, and their own

own ſighs. The action of drawing the bow, diſplayed all the graces of Roſe de Blaquiere's light and nymph-like figure; whilſt the freſh breezes enriched the colouring of her complexion; and the anxiety of emulation heightened the luſtre of her eyes. At the inſtant in which ſhe had elanced an arrow, while yet the fine attitude of her figure remained, (which, the wind blowing ſtrongly againſt her drapery, diſcovered in all its elegance,) Charlemont, weary and reſtleſs, reached the top of a hill immediately overlooking the valley: arreſted by the ſight before him, he ſtood motionleſs, and delighted.

Roſe, like a young Diana, (whoſe long hair, though turned up, yet ruſtled in the wind,) ſtood in all the charms of animation before him. Madame de Villemar, was leaning penſively upon her bow, under a large aſh-tree; and

the certainly handſome Fitzpatrick (flaſhing his regimentals in the ſun) was walking backwards and forwards, to gather the fallen arrows.

While the eyes of Charlemont were yet fixed in ſoftened gaze upon Roſe, his dog barked at ſome birds, and ſhe looked up: aſhamed to be ſo detected, yet ſcarcely knowing why, Charlemont ſtarted from his ſituation, and diſappeared. The vivacity of Miſs de Blaquiere vaniſhed with him. She received the arrows brought by Fitzpatrick, in languid ſilence; and did not recover her gaiety, until Charlemont came to join them.

Fitzpatrick, who ſaw our hero approach, aſſumed an indifference, which he was far from feeling; and whiſtling a new quick ſtep, ſauntered away from the targets. Charlemont, whoſe ſenſible heart, could not long do wrong to

any

any creature, immediately underſtood him.

"I have injured this poor fellow!" ſaid he to himſelf, as he rapidly followed his ſteps; "Surely *he* is not to blame, becauſe I believed Roſe de Blaquiere more eſtimable than ſhe is! I have treated him with injurious ſcorn, when he rather called for my compaſſion. He cannot ſupply to his mind, what nature has denied."

As he ſpoke, he approached, and accoſted the gay officer.

"I cannot ſee you again, Capt. Fitzpatrick," ſaid he, "without being perfectly aſhamed of my behaviour to you, laſt Tueſday. Will you accept my apology?"

Fitzpatrick was triumphantly turning round, with what he called *a monſtrous high air*, when the touching ſmile, which ſat like a beautiful ſun-ſet, upon the countenance of Charlemont, diſarmed

him of reſentment. His intended ſpeech was overthrown; and a ſtammering ſtring of words, declaring, that he *had taken no offence at all*, was ſubſtituted in its ſtead.

" Then I am more indebted to *your* good nature, than to my own. I cannot but confeſs to you, that ſomething had violently diſturbed my temper; and the ſight of your exuberant vivacity entirely over-ſet it. I fear that I ſaid ſome very inexcuſable things, and as ſuch, I beg your pardon."

Fitzpatrick eagerly ſeized the hand which Charlemont frankly held out to him, and ſwearing he was " the moſt extraordinary fellow he ever ſaw in his life," gave it a very cordial ſqueeze. Madame de Villemar, who had ſilently obſerved what paſſed, now came forward, with ſentiments of the warmeſt admiration

admiration for Charlemont, and invited him to join in their diverſion.

Charlemont, with a ſmile of magic ſweetneſs, took the bow Captain Fitzpatrick offered, and twanging the ſtring, ſent his arrow with the velocity of lightning, into the moſt diſtant butt in the field.

It was now Roſe and Gabrielle's turn to admire: the attitude, the ſtature, the fine proportions, and the ſublime features, of Charlemont, were all godlike. He might, to an unimpaſſioned eye, have given the idea of a young Apollo; then how much more ſo to that of the inexperienced, romantic, and tender Roſe!

The conteſt of archery continued without ceſſation, until the ringing from the belfrey of Caſtle-Connel ſummoned the party to dinner. At this meal, the benevolent hoſpitality of Mr. ONiel and his ſiſter, and the good underſtanding

between Charlemont and Fitzpatrick, contributed to render it more than commonly agreeable.

Charlemont's ſoul, overflowing with the conſciouſneſs of having ſubdued its haughtineſs, by conceſſion to the gay ſoldier, was radiantly diſtinct in his fine countenance: occupied with the deſire of atoning for his impetuoſity, he called forth all the rich ſtores of his poetical, as well as profound mind, and ſoon convinced Madame de Villemar, that he was indeed the firſt of men.

Roſe, abſorbed in the delight of ſeeing him the object of enraptured wonder, could not, or would not, perceive, that he was no longer affectionately attentive to her: ſhe ſcarcely acknowledged to herſelf the want of his particular glances; in admiring the vivid eloquence of thoſe eyes, which then ſhone equally upon all. While ſhe followed the

the eagle flights of his imagination; or liſtened attentively, to the ſtrong deciſions of his penetrative judgment; ſhe forgot that this glorious creature, now thought of Roſe de Blaquiere, only to deſpiſe her.

When Madame de Villemar prepared to return home, Mr. ONiel, exhilarated by the company, and charmed with the mildneſs of the evening, propoſed accompanying his viſitors ſome part of the road. Every perſon preſent conſented; and Charlemont, offering Gabrielle his arm, led the way out. Roſe, upon ſeeing this, flew eagerly to Mr. ONiel, begging him to lean upon her; but the good old gentleman declined the offer, urging the tedioufneſs of his ſteps; and at the ſame time, putting her under the protection of Captain Fitzpatrick.

Charlemont, as he happened to turn round, thought he now ſaw an unequi-

vocal proof of the attachment he had before ſuſpected, in Miſs de Blaquiere's preſent ſelection of her companion; who, diſmiſſing all his former gaiety, had already commenced a very earneſt converſation. Charlemont liſtened anxiouſly, to catch ſome part of their dialogue; and at laſt heard theſe words, ſaid in an impatient, and afflicted tone, by Roſe.

"Your imprudence ſhocks me. How could you give me that letter ſo careleſsly! It was obſerved by *one* perſon, I can aſſure you; and that has made me wretched ever ſince. But I never will again——"

Here, a guſt of wind, carried away the ſounds; and Charlemont, ſtarting to a repeated queſtion from his companion, forcibly diſengaged himſelf from all attention to Miſs de Blaquiere. He could not, however, baniſh the reflections which ſhe occaſioned. Convinced now, that

Roſe

Roſe was angry at Fitzpatrick for his imprudence only, not his paſſion; he felt renewed contempt of her choice, and of her principles; he deſpiſed her, for ſelecting ſo inferior a man; whilſt he ſhuddered, at the uſeleſs deception, which ſhe was uſing to ſuch benevolent friends as the ONiels. That Fitzpatrick was good-humoured, kind-hearted, and capable of being pleaſant, he admitted without reſerve; but that Fitzpatrick had no ſtrength of intellect, no great elegance of taſte, no delicacy of feeling, the converſation after dinner (which Charlemont had unintentionally led,) ſeemed to his *now* prejudiced mind diſtinctly to demonſtrate.

"I could ſuppoſe, that Roſe de Blaquiere might eſteem ſuch a man;" ſaid he to himſelf, "but never have thought, that ſhe could love him."

Convinced, however, that ſhe did ſo, from that moment he became ſpiritleſs and ſilent.

In returning home, Charlemont gave Mrs. Heſter his arm; and warmly expatiating upon the charming manner of Madame de Villemar, proceeded to make ſome enquiries relative to that lady, and her Iriſh couſin.

"Harry Fitzpatrick," ſaid Mrs. Heſter, in anſwer to theſe queſtions, "by the death of an uncle, has juſt ſtepped into the poſſeſſion of a fine eſtate near Killarney. His father, who was a general of dragoons, was not rich, though very nobly connected: he died three years ago. Mrs. Fitzpatrick his widow, ſtill lives at Killarney; and her ſon, very fortunately is at preſent quartered in the town. He is an admirable young man, in ſpite of that rattling way he has of talking; and——"

Charlemont

Charlemont could not bear to hear the probable concluſion of this ſentence; he uttered the name of Madame de Villemar, haſtily, but enquiringly; and Mrs. Heſter began *her* hiſtory.

"Ah! Madame de Villemar! well; ſhe is the widow of a French gentleman. The Dutcheſs de Rouſillon, her mother, (who, by the way, is ſiſter to General Fitzpatrick's widow,) left France ſoon after the revolution; at leaſt four years back;—ſhe came from England here, intending to reſide near her ſiſter, till the French affairs were ſettled one way or other. But alas, poor ſoul! before ſhe had been at Killarney five months, news arrived, that the Duke (who was in the emigrant army,) was killed at the head of his troops. She never looked up after."

"And where was his daughter?" ſaid Charlemont.

"O! here too. They all came together, Mr. de Villemar and all; but he died in a fortnight after the Duke. Not that I would have you think, grief was the cauſe; no, no; Mr. de Villemar of moſt men, was leaſt likely to go off that way. He was an odious-tempered man. Thank Heaven, he was not long amongſt us! I had no patience to ſee ſuch a ſweet creature as Gabrielle, married to ſuch a ſavage. Poor thing! ſhe was little more than twenty, when ſhe firſt came to Ireland. Bleſs my heart! I forgot that it is not polite to talk of people's ages!"

Charlemont ſmiled through the gloom of his countenance.

"I hope they have had no pecuniary diſtreſſes, added to theſe heavy afflictions?"

"None at all," replied Mrs. Heſter, "the family were able to bring over vaſt hoards

hoards of jewels and gold plate, which now being turned into money, furniſhes them with the means of a very elegant mode of life. Yet they might live better than they do, if it were not for their generoſity. To my knowledge, the Dutcheſs and her daughter, deny themſelves many eſſential comforts, in order to ſend money to other leſs fortunate emigrants: yes, and not merely thoſe in this country, but they have penſioners in England alſo."

"Heaven's bleſſing will light upon them!" cried Charlemont, ardently; "in ſpite of all their misfortunes, theſe excellent people *muſt* be happy."

"I wiſh it were ſo!" returned his companion; "I fear happineſs has long been a ſtranger to their breaſts. The Dutcheſs is going very faſt, in a decline I think; ſhe never complains, but I ſee ſhe is a wretched woman. Such an af-

fliction, to loſe a huſband!—and as to poor Gabrielle, I am ſure, *ſhe* is often ſo melancholy, that I ſometimes dread her brain is touched."

Charlemont drew a deep ſigh.

"Alas!" cried he, "how incalculable muſt be the ſorrows of the unhappy emigrants, when even the lot of theſe perſons, favoured by wealth and friends, is ſo very miſerable!"

A ſincere expreſſion of ſympathy from Mrs. Heſter, followed this remark. Still continuing to pity, and to moralize, ſhe never ceaſed talking, till they reached Caſtle-Connel.

Charlemont's pillow, the only confidant of his ſoul, was again witneſs to renewed reſolutions of withdrawing his warm *friendſhip* from Roſe.

"She does not deſerve it;" ſaid he indignantly, "and therefore, I will not proſtitute my eſteem, by beſtowing it upon

upon her. From this hour, I will be polite and grateful, but never, never more affectionate as I have been."

True to this determination, Charlemont continued to perform for Rose, those little services which he had formerly sweetened by smiles, but which were now scrupulously and coldly executed. His observations were all addressed to Mr. ONiel; his tenderness to Mrs. Hester. And Rose, left to melancholy in her own room, soon displayed the sad effects of unchecked, and disappointed affection, in her pallid and wasted form.

It was the latter end of November, when Charlemont returning from a botanic ramble, in crossing a sequestered lane which led to Castle-Connel; thought he perceived Rose. He looked a second time; and a man who stood by her, muffled in a horseman's coat, turned

his

his head, and then disappeared. Charlemont's heart beat violently: he did not stop to analise its meaning, but advanced rapidly to Miss de Blaquiere. Rose flushed, and in tears, drew her hat suddenly over her eyes; whilst with a stammering voice, she enquired if he had found any plants.

Charlemont gazed on her with pity. His heart smote him; and he thought as he eyed her disconsolate features, that had *he* been less reserved, *she* might have been more ingenuous. Filled with this idea, he tenderly enquired after her health; and almost at the same moment, found that he had carried her hand to his lips.

Rose, struck with a conviction, that she was not indifferent to Charlemont, although circumstances had conspired to make him doubt her prudence, now turned aside to conceal her gushing eyes,

eyes, whilſt Charlemont with a deep ſigh, let her hand drop ſlowly from his.

At that moment, a ſervant from the houſe came running in ſearch of Miſs de Blaquiere, with the information, that Mr. ONiel had fallen, in coming down a ſteep flight of ſtairs, and had materially hurt his head. The paleneſs of the ſervant, and the trembling voice with which he endeavoured to ſoothe Miſs de Blaquiere, ſerved only to awaken her fears. Forgetting every thing, in her gratitude towards the excellent Mr. ONiel, ſhe darted from the outſtretched hand of Charlemont, and was beyond ſight in an inſtant.

Charlemont followed her immediately; but when he reached Caſtle-Connel, ſhe was already kneeling with Mrs. Heſter, by the bed of her benefactor, who was ſtill inſenſible and motionleſs.

"O! why

"O! why does he not come?" cried ſhe, ſtarting up, and turning away from Charlemont as he entered; "he will be dead! he will be dead! and I ſhall never ſurvive him.—Stay with him, Mr. Charlemont;" added ſhe, wildly; "I will be at Killarney in an inſtant, and then the ſurgeon *ſhall* come."

As ſhe opened the door, Dr. Boyd appeared. He approached Mr. ONiel anxiouſly; then deſired, he might be left with him and a ſervant only. Theſe commands expreſſed gently, but firmly, were ſilently obeyed; and Roſe, as Charlemont ſhut the door, lifted her claſped hands to heaven; and then dropped, fainting at his feet.

Charlemont, unwilling to alarm the already terrified Mrs. Heſter, who had retreated precipitately from the gallery; raiſed Roſe in his arms, and bore her into his own room. He laid her on the bed,

bed, then threw open a window, and ſprinkled her face and neck with water; ſtill ſhe remained ſenſeleſs:—again, he bathed her pale countenance: and again, he puſhed aſide her hair, which interrupted the breeze; ſhe did not move:—a cold thrill ran ſhuddering through every artery of Charlemont's body.

"Could ſhe be dead!"

As he aſked himſelf the tremendous queſtion, he preſſed his hand upon her heart: it did not beat: a loud cry eſcaped him. Roſe, recalled to life by this agony, opened her eyes; and Charlemont, burſting into tears of rapture, ſnatched her wildly to his breaſt.

"You live, my dear Roſe!" cried he, "and I am happy."

Theſe words were uttered in the fervour of his joy, but directly recollecting himſelf, he releaſed her from his arms, and hurried out of the apartment.

When

When Roſe thoroughly recovered her ſenſes, ſhe had only an imperfect remembrance of Mr. ONiel's accident, and her own fainting; but the eyes and voice of Charlemont, were ſtill preſent to her mind. Not permitting herſelf to think upon the dangerous hopes to which they might have given birth, ſhe haſtened to Mr. ONiel's room; and there found, that though her benefactor's wound was very deep, it was not likely to prove mortal.

From that time, Miſs de Blaquiere never quitted the chamber of Mr. ONiel, in whom the contuſion had occaſioned a violent fever. She ſoothed him in pain, watched him in ſleep, and ſang, or read to him, when he was well enough to be amuſed.

Charlemont, who could only be prevailed upon to leave the pillow of his revered friend, at night; and who had vehemently,

vehemently, though unſucceſsfully, urged Roſe to allow him to ſhare her continual watchings, had now a nearer view of her tender, but firm mind. He ſaw her, regardleſs of the devaſtation which her beauty and health were ſuffering, ſteady in the exerciſe of duty; and warm in the attentions of affection: he looked cloſely upon the delicate ſhadings of her character, where energy was happily blended with ſoftneſs, and fortitude with ſenſibility; and never had her bright eyes appeared ſo lovely, as now, that a dim ſweetneſs overwhelmed them. A thouſand, and a thouſand times, he repeated to himſelf,—"and this bewitching creature will be the wife of Captain Fitzpatrick!"

After a fortnight of cloſe attendance, Roſe had at length the felicity of ſeeing her beloved protector able to leave his bed. She was ſitting oppoſite to Charlemont,

mont, with Mr. ONiel's head reclined upon her ſhoulder, when Aleck came up to tell Mrs. Heſter that Captain Fitzpatrick, (who had conſtantly called, or ſent every day,) was below in the parlour. Roſe bluſhed at his name: Charlemont turned pale. Mrs. Heſter followed the ſervant. Mr. ONiel, grateful for this attention from the gay young officer, ſpoke laviſhly in his praiſe; but Roſe remained ſilent; and Charlemont riſing ſuddenly, left the room.

He hurried into his own chamber, and ſhutting the door haſtily, threw himſelf down upon a ſeat.

"It is in vain that I would deceive myſelf!" cried he, "I hate Fitzpatrick, only becauſe he loves Roſe de Blaquiere. I hate him, in ſpite of reaſon. Fool that I am, thus to ſurrender myſelf to a paſſion, which I ſee can never be returned! a paſſion, which has already infect-

ed

ed me to madneſs; and which will haunt me to the lateſt hour of my exiſtence!"

The deepeſt ſighs, followed this conviction. Plunging from thought to thought, the rapidly-deciding, and intenſely-feeling Charlemont, ſat, unconſcious of the time, till the ſervant came to ſummon him to tea.

Neither Roſe, nor our hero, met at the tea table without emotion. The former, could not forget the energy with which Charlemont had (a fortnight ago) preſſed her in his arms: nor could the latter, ceaſe to remember the ſtrangely-delightful joy with which he had done ſo. Mr. ONiel, weary with ſitting up, had gone to bed; and Mrs. Heſter, rejoiced at every ſymptom of amendment, became uncommonly cheerful. Roſe was, however, melancholy; Charlemont, reſtleſs.

"You

"You have quite worn yourſelf out, Roſe;" ſaid Mrs. Heſter, "I never ſaw any creature ſo altered, as you are, ſince my dear brother's illneſs. Are you well, my child?" added ſhe, touching her hand.

"Yes, very well;" returned Roſe, a ſigh burſting out with the words; "but confinement you know, will take away one's colour."

"Ah! but you are ſo dull, Roſe. Your ſpirits are exhauſted in a moment; and your eyes don't ſparkle as they uſed to do: do they, Felix?"

Roſe, on this appeal to Charlemont, felt her altered eyes fill with tears; a ſecond ſigh ſtruggled in her aching heart, but ſhe looked down, and repreſſed it. Charlemont, with a ſtammering voice, anſwered Mrs. Heſter.

"The ſtate of anxiety in which Miſs de Blaquiere has been kept, for theſe

two

two laſt weeks, is I think, a ſatisfactory reaſon for this change. When ſhe ſees Mr. ONiel quite reſtored; and again joins her Killarney friends, I am ſure ſhe will recover both her looks and ſpirits. Aſſuredly, ſhe will find in the ſociety of Madame de Villemar, and the lively Captain Fitzpatrick, a cure for all her melancholy."

A powerful glance from Roſe, agitated Charlemont: he knew not how to underſtand her, and he ceaſed ſpeaking.

Mrs. Heſter was proceeding to lecture Roſe upon inattention to her health, when Aleck announced a gentleman to Mr. Charlemont. The latter ſtarted from his chair, and ſeizing the hand of the young man that entered, was for a moment incapable of utterance; but recovering himſelf at the voice of Mrs. Heſter, he introduced his friend, by the title of Lord Glenroy.

The elegant figure, pale cheek, and melancholy eyes of Lord Glenroy, were all calculated to intereſt the depreſſed Roſe: ſhe fancied he looked unhappy, and therefore he came doubly recommended to her heart.

"Am I to hope," ſaid Charlemont, his countenance lighting up with an animation to which it had long been a ſtranger; "that you are come to Ireland to ſee *me?*"

"I am come to Killarney to ſee *you*, and you only," replied Lord Glenroy, "I have no great pleaſure any where; and as I know nothing of this newly bought place of my father's, ſhould certainly not have quitted Edinburgh, at leaſt at preſent, without the ſtrong motive of finding *you* here.

"Well! tell me Ronald, how is your health? are you indeed better?"

"Yes,

"Yes, yes;" anſwered his Lordſhip quickly; "I am better in health."

"But in mind?"

Lord Glenroy did not anſwer. Miſs de Blaquiere roſe.

"Should we not go, ma'm, and ſee how my uncle is?"

Charlemont's eyes thanked her; and Mrs. Heſter, whiſpering him to detain his friend to ſupper, followed Roſe out of the room.

"Now tell me, Glenroy," ſaid Charlemont, "have you ſeen Lord Roſcommon lately?"

"I have. Aſk me nothing more. Believe me you will never be happy, unleſs you either return to Lord Roſcommon, or forget him entirely."

"Forget him, I cannot;" replied Charlemont, "return to him, I never will."

Lord Glenroy ſhook his head.

"O! Felix, you are ſtill the ſame impetuous, raſh creature! your ſudden rupturé with Lord Roſcommon, was dictated, I confeſs, by the nobleſt principles; but where ſlept your duty, then? why were you ſo fiercely reſentful, to the errors of your father?"

Charlemont's eyes blazed for an inſtant; but tears, almoſt immediately quenched their fire.

"I am not reſentful, Ronald;" ſaid he, "I call Heaven to witneſs, how perſeveringly, and I proteſt to you, affectionately, I ſought to diſſuade him from this hated marriage! The inſult, of being told that I was mercenary; the anguiſh of ſeeing him the dupe of an abandoned woman; did not divert my exertions. Yes, Glenroy! I *did* fulfil my duty. I ſhewed my father, the precipice upon which he ſtood; but he

ſpurned

ſpurned my zeal—and then, I left him for ever."

"True Felix," returned the Viſcount, "but you ſhould not have left him, in that whirlwind of rage, in which you told me yourſelf that you had parted. *I* am tremblingly alive, to the ſentiments which we owe to our parents. I love you, and I would have you faultleſs."

Charlemont preſſed his hand.

"Shall I ſatisfy your reſpectable ſcruples, if I tell you, that ſenſible myſelf, of the improper warmth into which I had been hurried, I wrote to my father before he quitted England, confeſſing my fault on that head, and entreating his pardon? Though at the ſame time, remember, that I firmly declared my reſolution never to enter the ſame houſe with Lady Emily Macdonald."

Lord Glenroy's countenance, beamed with pleaſure.

"You *have* ſatisfied me," ſaid he; "in that admirable conceſſion, you made atonement for all your impatience. How is it Felix, that you have the art, by ſuch noble frankneſs, of rendering even your errors enviable?"

Charlemont ſmiled.

"Come, come; ceaſe this kind flattery! and tell me, how Lord Roſcommon's wife behaves in Edinburgh?"

"As you might expect;" replied his Lordſhip, "ſhe has the moſt magnificent houſe in the town; gives the moſt ſplendid parties; and is the gayeſt woman amongſt them."

"The moſt infamous! I have no doubt," exclaimed Charlemont, indignantly; "confeſs to me Glenroy, is ſhe not ſurrounded by profligate men, and diſreputable women?"

"I can-

"I cannot deny it."

"O! my poor father!" cried Charlemont, "how ſeverely wilt thou be puniſhed!—But anſwer me this; does ſhe ſtill ſuffer herſelf to be haunted by the contemptible Wortley Malden? who was ſo notoriouſly her lover, before my father became her huſband. Is it ſo? or has ſhe acquired the virtue of being true to the unhappy dupe ſhe has made?"

Lord Glenroy was ſilent.

"Anſwer me Glenroy," continued Charlemont, with a countenance expreſſive of his apprehenſion; conceal nothing."

The Viſcount ſighed.

"He is ſtill ſeen with her, to be ſure; but let us hope—"

"Curſe on ſuch hopes!" exclaimed his impetuous friend, ſtriking his hand upon the table; "my father is diſho-

noured, his houſe polluted, and his children diſgraced!"

"Did I not entreat you, Felix," ſaid Lord Glenroy, "not to enquire about this woman? Forget that ſhe exiſts, I conjure you! and baniſh her as ſeduloufly from your thoughts, as I would have you do, from your converſation."

"Well then," cried Charlemont, preſſing his hand mournfully upon his eyes; "where is my brother? did you hear any thing of him?"

"I heard he had left the Highlands, but know not whither he went."

"How happily inſenſible he is!" ſaid Charlemont, "I often think that I would purchaſe ſuch a diſpoſition, at any price."

"For ſhame!" cried the Viſcount, "do not diſgrace yourſelf, by a repetition of that ſentiment. But tell me, did you receive any anſwer to that letter of

of conceſſion, which you wrote to your father ?"

Charlemont anſwered by a ſingle monoſyllable, in the negative: the entrance of Aleck, who came to ſummon the gentlemen to ſupper, broke up their converſation.

Charlemont led the way, and conducted his friend into another room, where they partook with Mrs. Heſter and Roſe, of a ſlight meal. At parting, Lord Glenroy requeſted permiſſion, to bring his mother and ſiſter, to introduce to the ladies of Caſtle-Connel, as he was deſirous of promoting an intimacy between the families. Mrs. Heſter, very much delighted, acceded to the propoſal; and expreſſed her ſenſe of the honour intended, in very appropriate terms. Roſe, liſtened to the arrangement in ſilence.

CHAPTER III.

On the following morning, the Counteſs of Dunallen, and Lady Margaret Forbes, eſcorted by Lord Glenroy, arrived at Caſtle-Connel.

Charlemont, hurrying to call Roſe down ſtairs, entered Mr. ONiel's room; and found her kneeling by the bed, from which he had not yet riſen, and repeating aloud, a prayer for the day. The touching voice of Roſe, her ſimple, but lovely figure, and her newly acquired melancholy, came all powerfully upon the heart of Charlemont. His eyes ſeemed dimmed with exceſſive light, his boſom heaved with love and devotion, whilſt he ſilently bent one knee to the ground,

ground, and liſtened to the concluſion of her prayer. On its termination, ſhe got up; and hearing who was below, haſtened with Charlemont to the drawing-room.

Lord Glenroy preſented Miſs de Blaquiere to the two ladies, with all the graces of urbanity; but Lady Dunallen received her, with a ſevere coldneſs. Lady Margaret, however, was civil; and Roſe felt her ladyſhip's politeneſs diſpel the chill which the Counteſs had occaſioned.

Lady Dunallen, though paſt the prime of life, was ſtill eminently beautiful; and yet, with all her charms, her air was ſo conſtrained and repulſive; and her eyes, in ſpite of their luſtre, ſo haughty; that her fine features, told nothing of her ſoul, but its ſelfiſhneſs.

Lady Margaret, without any graces, but ſuch as her mantua-maker, and

perfumer could furniſh, contrived to look almoſt pretty; and though really as unfeeling as her mother, and much more inſipid, had by ſome means, caught the manners of more agreeable people.

Roſe, in the pauſes of converſation, often found the eyes of Lady Dunallen ſteadily fixed upon her; but they always moved diſdainfully away, on meeting thoſe of Miſs de Blaquiere; and contained ſo ſtrange an expreſſion, that ſhe was at a loſs to gueſs what ſentiment ſhe could have excited in the breaſt of this unpleaſant woman.

"I am not certain how long I ſhall ſtay here, Mrs. Heſter;" ſaid the Counteſs, ringing the bell for her carriage; "I left Scotland out of a whim only, to ſee my lord's new place; but while I remain, I ſhall be very glad to

ſee

ſee you, and Miſs de Blaquiere, at Mount Randal."

"Yes, do come," cried Lady Margaret, addreſſing Roſe; "as often as ever you can! I dare ſay, there isn't a ſoul in the neighbourhood, except yourſelves, that is at all like a human creature. I'm ſure, I ſhall be for getting off again, as faſt as poſſible."

"How idly you talk, Lady Margaret;" ſaid her mother, with a ſevere frown; "you know very well, that the Bellinghams, and the Carysforts, are all come down to us here. And beſides that, your brother likes Killarney."

"My brother!" exclaimed Lady Margaret, "pſhaw! he always likes odious things. I never heard him praiſe any thing yet, that was not abominable. He has ſuch vulgar affections, and antipathies!"

"You

"You give no proof of thinking what you ſay, Margaret!" "ſaid Lord Glenroy, with a ſmile of mingled good humour and ſhame; "your behaviour to Miſs de Blaquiere, confeſſes that I do not *always* like odious things."

Lady Dunallen turned rapidly round at this; and after ſurveying her ſon and Roſe alternately, in ſtern ſilence, abruptly curteſied to Mrs. Heſter, and went out of the room."

"What a forbidding woman, that is!" exclaimed Roſe, as ſhe heard the carriage drive from the door; "is ſhe always ſo cold and ſtately?"

"Yes indeed;" returned Charlemont, "you may perceive that ſhe has been a wonderful beauty; and the conſciouſneſs of that, I ſuppoſe, acting upon a weak mind, has made her what you ſee."

"Yes,

"Yes, yes; I remember her very well, two-and-twenty years ago;" ſaid Mrs. Heſter, "ſhe was then Miſs OConnor, and certainly the fineſt woman my eyes ever beheld. Her late father's houſe, is not fifteen miles diſtant."

"What! and is ſhe the mother of Lord Glenroy?" cried Roſe, "if that be the caſe, he certainly looks older, than he can poſſibly be."

"No, not his own mother," replied Mrs. Heſter; "if I recollect, Lord Dunallen was a widower; and this preſent Lord Glenroy, about ſix years old, when his father married Miſs OConnor. Am I right, Felix?"

"Perfectly, Glenroy never had the happineſs, or perhaps misfortune, of knowing his own mother. However, he ſpeaks well of Lady Dunallen's regard for him. Lady Margaret, is a

ſtupid, vain, good tempered little fool. You will find no pleaſure I think, in cultivating her acquaintance: and indeed, were it not for the ſake of my friend Glenroy, I ſhould deem it a robbery on your time, having introduced you to his family."

Charlemont, as he ſpoke, took up his hat, and went out. Mrs. Heſter withdrew alſo. And Roſe, after going up ſtairs, to ſee Mr. ONiel; walked into the wood, to enjoy a little freſh air.

As Charlemont rapidly traverſed the high points, and ſequeſtered gardens of the beautiful Mucruſs; inſenſible to every outward object, his heart ached with pains hitherto unknown to him. To the wretchedneſs attending his miſguided father's conduct, he now added the certainty of having imbibed a fatal paſſion, which had ſtolen unperceived into his boſom; and now menaced with miſery

all

all the beſt days of his life. Convinced, that Roſe had already plighted her affections to Fitzpatrick, he was anxious, only to diſcover ſome mode by which he could reſtore his own heart to tranquillity.

Occupied with theſe thoughts, he unconſciouſly directed his ſteps homewards at an early hour; taking his courſe, by the margin of the Lake. As he paſſed the entrance of a fiſhing-hut belonging to Mr. ONiel, he mechanically looked in. A ſecond time Roſe preſented herſelf to his view, ſtanding beſide a man cloſely wrapped up, who held her hands paſſionately within his. At this ſight, a dagger ſeemed to pierce Charlemont's heart, and he hurried from the ſpot: but he ſoon turned again, and ſeeing the man quit the hut with precipitation, he went ſlowly and ſorrowfully, to Miſs de Blaquiere. She was coming towards him;

him; he met and joined her, walking for ſome time in ſilence by her ſide.

"I know not whether I am privileged, Miſs de Blaquiere;" ſaid he, with a voice of aſſumed firmneſs; "to take the liberty which I am about to do! But my heart, deeply intereſted in all that concerns you, would fain perſuade me, that I judge right. I have been unwillingly made acquainted with your correſpondence with Captain Fitzpatrick. The letter, and theſe myſterious meetings, tell me alſo, that it is a clandeſtine one. O! Roſe, fly from ſuch an attachment! Mr. ONiel will ſanction every propoſal, that is honourable; and you muſt not be deceived by any thing elſe. For heaven's ſake, act with candour, with propriety! open your heart to your beſt friends; and be aſſured, that though mine may break in the attempt, its laſt effort ſhall be to plead for your wiſhes.

wiſhes.——Happy, happy, Fitzpatrick!"

The eyes of Charlemont, turned violently from the face of Roſe, at this exclamation; ſtriking his forehead with his hand as he did ſo, he broke from her, and diſappeared. Roſe, left ſtanding immoveable with ſurpriſe, hardly knew whether ſhe were the moſt happy, or the moſt miſerable, being in the world. She was aſſured that Charlemont loved her, while at the ſame inſtant, ſhe ſaw him labouring under a miſtake, fatal to the peace of both. For a few minutes, ſhe remained ſilent; then claſping her hands in an exſtaſy of conviction, exclaimed—

"O! if he *does* love me, I dare not, I will not, aſk for more!"

Tears of grief, of gratitude, of tenderneſs, now rained over her cheeks; for never before, had ſhe known a moment ſo ſweetly painful.

Filled

Filled with reſolutions, which the adventure of the morning had inſpired; and which the advice of Charlemont, had ſtrengthened; ſhe haſtened to Caſtle-Connel, determining to confide in the good Mr. ONiel's boſom, the narrative of her embarraſſment. On entering the ſick chamber, Roſe found her worthy protector ſeated at his early dinner. Promiſing to attend him herſelf, ſhe diſmiſſed the ſervant.

"I have ſomething to tell you, my dear ſir;" ſaid ſhe, "and yet I know not how to commence; becauſe, I dread your diſpleaſure."

"You never can diſpleaſe me, my child! you are my joy, and my pride."

Roſe, with eyes moiſtened by tears, put his hand eagerly to her lips.

"Well then, ſir, if you will promiſe to pardon me, for having falſified this

too

too indulgent opinion, I will confeſs my errors."

Mr. ONiel, with a ſmile of doting affection, ſaid—"I do."

"You remember, my dear Sir, the ball which Mrs. Fitzpatrick gave, laſt July, to her ſon's friends?"

Mr. ONiel nodded.

"At that ball, I met three gentlemen, who had lately arrived at Killarney. One of them was very handſome, and very agreeable."

Covered with bluſhes, ſhe heſitated for an inſtant. Mr. ONiel, with ſome alarm, deſired her to proceed.

"This ſtranger, happening to be my partner, converſed with me the whole evening. I found him reſpectful and intelligent; and of courſe, Sir, thought there was no impropriety in liſtening to his diſcourſe. I ſaw him the next day, at the Ducheſs de Rouſillon's; and again,

again, without intending to be particular to him, after my return home, I discovered on recollection, that I had attended to him alone. This made me uneasy; and the more so, because I soon after met him in a walk, and was obliged to let him join me. You cannot forget, that I mentioned the circumstance, my dear Sir!"

"I remember it very well. The man's name was Walpole."

"Indeed, I premeditated no disguise!" continued Rose, "but at the first, I was ashamed to tell you, that I thought this Mr. Walpole had fallen in love with me; and afterwards, I reflected that my own imprudence, must have given rise to so sudden and satisfied a passion, as I soon found, he entertained. I saw him often at the Fitzpatricks, and though I endeavoured to be equally attentive to the rest of the company, yet still Mr. Walpole

pole contrived by reſpect, by unwearied aſſiduity, by ſuperior converſation, (ſhe might have added by a ſtrong perſonal reſemblance to Charlemont,) to make me more pleaſed with him, than with any body elſe."

"Then you like him, my child?" exclaimed Mr. ONiel, in a voice of grief."

"O no Sir! never, never, could he awaken one emotion in my breaſt, warmer than mere pleaſure. Ah! I knew my own heart too well!"

Roſe confounded at what had eſcaped her, coloured, and hurried on.

"To conclude this account of my folly, I will only add, that this man, having made Fitzpatrick his confident, (who has obſtinately taken it into his head, that I am in love with his friend;) had the audacity to write me a letter, full of preſumption;—conjuring me to

fly

fly with him to Scotland; and saying, that he could not obtain the consent of his family to an union with me, because they had other views for him. Of course I burned this letter, and never answered it; but since then, Mr. Walpole has never lost an opportunity of throwing himself in my way. Whenever I walk, I am certain of meeting him; and then, in spite of all my efforts to fly, he persists in a language and conduct so violent, that it alarms me beyond description. This very morning, he surprised me in the fishing-hut; and seemed so distracted, that I know not what I might have had to fear, had not Mr. Charlemont come in sight; on his appearance, Walpole started, and rushed out. You see, my dear Sir, into what an embarrassment, I have unthinkingly involved myself! The man persists in saying, that I gave him encouragement; and Capt. Fitzpatrick

Fitzpatrick believes him. How ſhall I releaſe myſelf from the conſequences of their error?"

"By leaving the whole affair to me, my dear girl:" ſaid Mr. ONiel, "I will ſend for Fitzpatrick directly, and inſiſt upon his bringing this fellow into my preſence. Scoundrel! to take advantage of your innocent ſecurity, by denominating it encouragement! Come, come, no tears Roſe. You have done nothing to be aſhamed of. I will ſoon ſilence this Walpole, who cannot be either a gentleman, or an honeſt man, when he has ſo induſtriouſly avoided an introduction to the houſe of your protector."

"Ah! Sir, I weep at your goodneſs!" returned Roſe, "I know, that I have been imprudent; though you love me too well, to add *your* cenſure, to that of

my own heart. Do not however," ſhe continued, in a low whiſper, while ſhe preſſed her bluſhing cheek to his; "do not tell Mr. Charlemont of this, he will deſpiſe me."

"No, my love, no;" replied her kind guardian, "your confidence is too dear to me, not to be reſpected. Though I repeat to you, that truly, I ſee nothing in your conduct, that was not very natural; 'tis ſo like a young girl, to be taken at firſt, by a handſome face!"

"Dear Sir! did I not tell you," cried Roſe, almoſt impatient at being ſo miſapprehended; "that I never *was taken* by this man! I looked at his beauty, as I would at that of a fine ſtatue; I liſtened to his information, as I would have read a clever book; but I never, for one moment, ſaid to myſelf, *I wiſh this man would love me.*"

"No,

"No, no; you might not ſay it, Roſe; but I dare ſay, you were not quite inſenſible to his attentions."

"I was, upon my word, Sir, perfectly indifferent to every one of them; except as they relieved me from the groſſer proteſtations of Archdeacon M'Kinnon. Do you believe me, Sir?"

"I do my dear. So, now go down to your dinner; and tell Hetty, that I will take my coffee in the drawing-room."

Roſe obeyed, and entered the dining parlour with a light ſtep.—Her heart, unburthened of its concealment, ſpoke diſtinctly in her eyes; and ſhe was joyfully ſpeaking of Mr. ONiel's propoſed viſit, when the door opened, and he appeared. Charlemont aſſiſted him to a chair; and the good old man, delighted to be again reſtored to his family circle, became unuſually chearful.

Only Charlemont, diſturbed and abſtracted, ſeemed unconſcious of any motive for extraordinary hilarity. Mrs. Heſter, by remarking his ſilence, rouſed him to exertion. He then vigorouſly ſtemmed the torrent of deſpair, which ruſhed upon his heart, at every ſound of Miſs de Blaquiere's voice; and he ſoon ſucceeded in perſuading her and her companions, that all his cares were forgotten.

In a pauſe of converſation, Charlemont took from his pocket a folded paper; and opening it, turned to Mr. ONiel.

"Here is a poem, which I picked up to-day, as I was paſſing a little receſs at the foot of Mangerton. I have not read it through, but I think it will amuſe you. Shall I begin it?"

"Certainly."

He

He drew the candles nearer to him; and Roſe, glancing her eye upon the paper, immediately ſtarted from her ſeat.

"O! do not read it, Mr. Charlemont!" cried ſhe, ſtretching out her hands eagerly; "it is nonſenſe, folly!—Give it me, I beſeech you!"

Charlemont's eyes flaſhed vividly over her.—

"And do you write poetry too!"

A deep ſigh followed theſe words; his countenance ſaddened; and he let the paper drop upon the table. Roſe ſeized it, and was going to fling it into the fire, when Mr. ONiel caught her arm.

"Come, come, Roſe!" ſaid he, with a mixture of anger and affection; "I will not allow of this. Felix muſt ſee this poem, whatever it is. He will par-

don its faults. Return it to him, I inſiſt."

Roſe, with eyes full of tears, and a trembling hand, gave back the paper.

"I will not read it againſt your inclination," ſaid Charlemont, addreſſing her in a voice, fraught with admiration, love, and regret; "I need no new proof of the richneſs, and energy of your mind."

"You will not find any there, I can aſſure you," replied ſhe, "it is a ridiculous thing, in the old ballad ſtyle; which a legend at Killarney, of Prince Donnaghue, led me to attempt. I remember writing it in the very place you mention; but did not know till now, that I had loſt it."

"If this be the ſubject of the verſes," returned Charlemont, who had believed from the anxiety of Roſe, that they were written upon Fitzpatrick; "I cannot yield

yield to your diſqualifying opinion of your own productions."

"That's right, Felix;" rejoined Mr. ONiel.

Roſe, mortified and diſtreſſed, reſumed her ſeat.

"How can you, my dear Sir, thus wilfully expoſe me to Mr. Charlemont, who is himſelf a poet indeed?"

Charlemont, with a faint ſmile, caſt his eyes upon the paper, and read as follows:—

The Prince of the Lake.

"The Princeſs Anne, to her bower is gone,
"To watch, and weep, and pray,
"Where the yellow moon, ſhining alone,
"Lights the traveller's way.

"Her bower is high on that lonely hill,
"Where hoary aſh-trees ſhake;
"And down below, ſublimely ſtill,
"Lies Killarney's Lake,"——

The warder ceaſed, and cloſed the gates,
And the man that aſked, rode on;
No word he ſaid, but bowed his head,
And heaved a heavy groan.

The man was clad in a mantle red,
And his bonnet was large and dark;
So muſing ſtill, he gained the hill,
The lady's bower to mark.

'Twas black and drear; the ſilent trees
Stood tall, and ſtill, around;
The long graſs ſtirred not in the breeze;
The water gave no ſound.

But the lady bright, on the battlements height,
He ſaw by the burning moon;
From her locks ſo light, and her garments white,
The ſtranger knew her ſoon.——

—" Ho! Lady Anne, thou muſt come down;
" Thy huſband ſends for thee:—
" By the croſs of ſtone, on the heath alone,
" He waits, to fly with thee.

" For the fight is o'er, and rebel power,
" Hath vanquiſhed its lord;
" And now his ſtore is nothing more,
" But only his good ſword." ——

—" Now

—"Now tell me knight! by a warrior's might,
"I charge thee, tell me true!
"If from the fight, this fatal night,
"My love, unhurt withdrew!

"Ah! be my bed, the leaves that are ſhed,
"By Autumn's hollow wind,
"If on his breaſt, my head but reſt,
"The ſweeteſt ſleep I'll find."———

—"He waits for thee,"—the knight replied,—
"By the mouldering croſs of ſtone;
"Thy ſleep will be ſweet:" the ſtranger ſigh'd—
"But never ſweet alone.

"Come, mount thee here; nay do not fear,
"Tho' the clouds be gathering faſt;
"My courſer's ſwift, for his career,
"Is like the ocean's blaſt."———

They rode o'er hill, they rode o'er vale,
They rode thro' the groaning wood;
Till by the glare of the lightning pale,
They ſaw the holy rood.

And near it, lay a comely form,
In duſky armour dreſt—
He lay in ſleep; and the raging ſtorm,
Could not break his reſt.

The warrior ſlept, and the lady ſtepped
  His well-known form to fold;
She kiſs'd his brow, but the nightly ſnow
  Is not ſo icy cold.

With piercing cries ſhe rais'd her eyes,
  And the ſtranger ſtood by her ſide;
His mantle was gone, and his armour ſhone,
  And his dark plume floated wide.

His ſteed was formed of the foaming ſurf
  Which roars on Killarney's lake,
When the furious blaſts its water caſts,
  And rocking turrets ſhake.

"Behold your Lord!" the phantom ſaid,
  "The fight indeed is o'er;
"And under this ſhade my corſe is laid,
  "To ſleep for evermore.

"But thou muſt with me; for the ſhoreleſs ſea
  "Is given us for our reign;
"And Killarney's lake each year ſhall quake
  "For its prince and hero ſlain.

"Killarney's hills, and Killarney's caves,
  "Our lonely dwellings muſt be,
"Till this yearly hour, when its ſhudd'ring
    "waves,
  "My airy horſe ſhall ſee:

"Then

" Then in angry pomp, thro' the waters wide,
" In lightning and thunder dreſt,
" Your prince ſhall ride, while the ſtormy tide
" O'erwhelms his vaſſal's reſt.

" For three long days, and for three long nights,
" Muſt they tremble with guilty fear,
" Till the whirlwinds ceaſe, and all be peace,
" And *I* no longer there."

He ſpoke, and claſp'd his arms to graſp
The form of that lady fair;
But ſhe breath'd a groan, and her ſpirit alone
Now wanders with his thro' the air.

At the laſt ſtanza, Charlemont ſuffered the paper to ſlide from his hands, which he immediately preſſed upon his eyes; and, reſting his arms upon the table, ſat for ſome moments ſilent, and loſt: then ſtarting up, hurried out of the room.

He haſtened, unconſcious whither, into the gardens; where, caſting himſelf upon the earth, he gave way to all the

ſtrength of his paſſion, and his regret. Roſe, gifted with every talent, adorned with every grace, enriched by every virtue, weighed upon his heart, with the cruel certainty that ſhe was devoted to another—to another that could never underſtand her virtues, never appreciate her genius, never comprehend her ſenſibility. To the veiled eye of love, the poem, written by its object, ſeemed excellent; and theſe verſes, on the Prince of the Lake, indifferent in themſelves, became, in the belief of Charlemont, ſhining proofs of a talent, which it would have been his pride and joy to have cultivated.

"O Roſe!" exclaimed he, ſoftening into tears, "how fondly would *I* have loved, how greatly would *I* have prized thee! Thy heart would have been the boundary of all my wiſhes; thy happi-

neſs

neſs the only ſource of thy Charlemont's!"

As he ſpoke, he took out his handkerchief, and put it to his eyes: when he withdrew it, he ſaw, lying open at his feet, a written paper, which he had drawn out with it. The moon ſhone brightly upon the lines; the writing was like that of Roſe. He ſnatched it up eagerly, rightly gueſſing that it had dropped in his pocket, from the folds of the other poem. With increaſed anguiſh he read the following

SONG:

Ah! grant my prayer, and let me go,
Thy toil to ſhare, thy path to ſmooth;
Is there a want, a wiſh, a woe,
Which wedded love can fail to ſoothe?

At morn, while ſleep ſtill ſeals thine eyes,
My hand thy temp'rate meal ſhall ſpread;
At night, my ſmiles ſhall check thy ſighs,
And my fond arm ſupport thy head.

And

And if thy vexing cares ſhould dart
Some haſty word, my zeal to chill,
Still this unchanging, tender heart,
The ſacred vow I made, ſhall fill.

The tenderneſs which this little ſong breathed, was but ill calculated to ſoothe the perturbed ſoul of Charlemont: he firſt preſſed the paper to his lips; and then, remembering that Fitzpatrick was its ſubject, flung it from him. But again ſofter feelings were awakened, as he embodied the lovely figure of Roſe, fulfilling for *himſelf* the fond promiſe of her verſes.

"But that can never be!" exclaimed he impetuouſly, ſtarting up; "it is Fitzpatrick, who will find in her dear arms eternal ſhelter from ſorrow. I, I, wretched and hopeleſs, am doomed to a life of ſuffering! I will ſee her no longer, then," added he: "I will leave Killarney."

As

As he ſpoke, he haſtened to the houſe; where, in paſſing to his chamber, he met Mrs. Heſter and Roſe, who, alarmed at his late conduct, had anxiouſly ſought him through the apartments; and were now going to ſend ſervants in ſearch of him into the grounds.

"Thank Heaven! you are returned," cried Mrs. Heſter; "I could not think what had become of you. We are ſo uſed to your ſtrange ways, that we did not mind it at firſt; but after my brother went to bed, and the cloth was laid for ſupper, I began to grow very uneaſy. Were you ill?"

"I beſeech you to pardon me, my dear Madam!" ſaid Charlemont; "I was not ill, but agitated: ſomething had electrified my heart, and I forgot you all."

Roſe, blinded by tears, turned ſilently away, and moved to her own room.

When the door was closed on her, she abandoned herself to her thoughts: an indistinct hope gleamed through the dark view, which the desponding mind of Charlemont had presented to her sight. She recalled his impassioned manner in the morning; his deep melancholy since; his last ambiguous reply; and then, almost whispered to herself, *I am beloved.*

Next day, at an early hour, Lord Glenroy arrived at the Castle, with an invitation to the two ladies, from his mother, requesting them to visit Mount Randal that evening. Rose tried in vain to excuse herself; (for Mr. ONiel insisted upon her accepting the offered pleasure;) and the Viscount, receiving his approval as a consent, wished them good morning, and, accompanied by Charlemont, took his departure.

As

As the friends paſſed the outer-gate they met Fitzpatrick, who was come in conſequence of a note which Mr. ONiel had diſpatched to him the night before. He ſtopped with a good-humoured ſmile, and held out his hand. Charlemont, ſtung with a confuſed ſenſe of injury, puſhed by his outſtretched arm, and was out of ſight in a moment. Fitzpatrick, who conceived his new friend to be only in jeſt, burſt out into a loud laugh, and called after him—"Very well done, upon my ſoul!"

Glenroy eyed him with ſurpriſe. He too well knew there was a meaning in the deadly paleneſs of Charlemont's face; but was at a loſs to imagine how ſo gay and pleaſant-looking a creature as the lively officer could give birth to ſuch emotion: for an inſtant he ſurveyed him in ſilence, then making a haſty bow, followed his friend.

"What

"What is the meaning of this, Felix?" ſaid the Viſcount, as he came up with him, and took hold of his trembling arm; "How am I to account for ſuch exceſſive agitation?"

"By believing me a fool, a madman!"

Lord Glenroy looked ſteadily on his countenance.

"Something troubles you greatly, Felix," ſaid he; "can I comfort you?"

Charlemont, melted from phrenzy to tenderneſs, graſped his hand.

"O Ronald!" He pauſed, and caſt down his eyes; then added—"that man from whom we have juſt parted, will be the huſband of Roſe de Blaquiere."

Glenroy ſtarted.

"And is *this* the reaſon of your emotion? Good Heaven! Charlemont, how have you ſuffered this blighting paſſion to mingle with your other ſorrows? Fly from it! fly from it! it will palſy your

your powers, it will annihilate your enjoyments."

Lord Glenroy ſighed profoundly as as he ſpoke, and a mortal paleneſs paſſed over his own features. Charlemont did not look up.

"It has annihilated my enjoyments and palſied my mind," returned he; "I am ſunk into a dejection at which I bluſh. To ſee Roſe continually, to hear her voice, to watch her actions, and then to think of Fitzpatrick—O, Heaven! to what exceſs of miſery am I not ſometimes tranſported!"

"And are you certain that ſhe is engaged to this young man?"

Charlemont, trembling with agitation, attempted to ſpeak, but could not: Glenroy, however, ſaw the anſwer in his looks.

"You muſt leave her, then," ſaid he, while his heart ached at the hard ſentence

tence he pronounced: "you muſt enter again into the world, and ſtrive to loſe her remembrance in activity and uſefulneſs."

"Forget her!" exclaimed Charlemont; and, as he raiſed his eyes to Heaven, Glenroy read in them all the fond eulogium which the heart of his friend was uttering.

"Aye, forget her," returned the Viſcount: "ſtart not from the reſolution. You ſay ſhe cannot be yours: are you then to reſign yourſelf, at the age of twenty-four, to unmanly regret; or to ruſh, with more unmanly cowardice, into another world? No, no, Felix, you were born for better things; your glorious genius, your undaunted courage, were given you for better purpoſes. Rouſe yourſelf, I charge you, and be again the pride of your Glenroy!"

"I have

"I have determined to leave Killarney," replied Charlemont: "I intend relinquiſhing my commiſſion in the life guards, (which, though I retained by the deſire of my uncle, I have ever diſliked,) and then joining the army in Holland. There, perhaps, I may loſe all ſenſe of my evil deſtiny!"

Lord Glenroy took his hand.

"I grieve to ſee you ſo unmanned by this unhappy attachment. O, to have added ſtrength to your feelings, favoured are you, by knowing that the object of all your love will be happy in her choice!"

"No, no, I cannot think it!" exclaimed Charlemont rapidly; "he is as far beneath her as that immeaſurable firmament is from the earth on which I ſtand. She is all mind, all ſoul, all heart; he is common-place, conceited, and contemptible."

"And

"And ſhe loves him!" aſked the Viſcount.

"Yes, ſhe loves him," repeated Charlemont; "will be his wife, Glenroy! Had ſhe choſen a man congenial with herſelf, at leaſt one who could have valued her, whoſe ſenſibility would have been the pledge of her happineſs, I think that I could have reſigned her without a ſtruggle."

Lord Glenroy ſhook his head.

"You muſt not ſtay in Killarney, Charlemont; you muſt go with our family to Dublin, and from thence accompany me to Scotland. I ſhall be married in a ſhort time, and then your ſociety will be dearer to me than ever." A cold dew ſtood upon the pale forehead of the Viſcount as he ſpoke, and his voice faultered; for a moment he cloſed his eyes, as if to repreſs the bitter

drops

drops which ruſhed into them; then added, in a firmer tone, "however, at all events, you muſt not remain at Caſtle-Connel."

"The calm pleaſures of friendſhip and peace are ſhut in upon me for ever," ſaid Charlemont; "I have drunk too deeply of this fatal poiſon ever to enjoy that health of the ſoul, which was once mine. Quiet will but nurſe my miſery; hurry and duty can alone drown the cries of my diſtracted heart. I muſt follow my firſt reſolution; I muſt quit my country."

"Here, then, I cannot adviſe!" returned Lord Glenroy, a deeper ſhade of regret clouding his face. "My principles, you know, have always made me deteſt offenſive war: I cannot ſee the preſent one in the ſame light with my dear Felix; and, therefore, his intention of engaging actively in it pains me to the

the ſoul: but I eſteem you not the leſs for it; I am certain that you act from a belief of right, and I reſpect the conviction, which has no weight with me. Go then, my beloved friend! and may the great Guardian of every creature that breathes protect and bleſs you!"

A long pauſe ſucceeded the exclamation. It was firſt broken by Lord Glenroy.

"I am afraid you will meet this Captain Fitzpatrick at our houſe," ſaid he; "I remember that my mother was to return the viſit of a General's widow of that name, and to aſk herſelf and family to the tea-party of this evening. If this be his family, had I not better endeavour to ſave you the pain of ſeeing him?"

"No, no; I *will* ſee him. I have uſed him ill this morning. He is not to blame for loving Miſs de Blaquiere: *I* only

only merit cenſure, who ſaw their attachment, and yet yielded to my own? But tell me Ronald, are you indeed going to be married?"

"I am. Flora Bellingham and her brother came down from Dublin laſt night. And as ſhe ſeems ſtill willing to ratify her engagement, I muſt fulfil mine. In three ſhort months, I ſhall be the huſband of a beautiful deſerving girl, whom I can never love. O Felix! who has the moſt inauſpicious fate?" Lord Glenroy ſmiled wildly as he ſpoke, and ſtifling the many ſighs which thronged to his lips, turned again to his friend; "Come! we are in ſight of Mount Randal;" added he, "and we both muſt enter it with chearfulneſs. Our lots are fixed, Felix; and we muſt each, bear his reſpective trials, like a man and a chriſtian."

Charlemont gave a forced aſſent to this; and after a few minutes walk, they entered Mount Randal.

The Bellinghams and the Carysforts, were the only company in the drawing-room; Lady Dunallen and her daughter, being engaged at their toilet. On the entrance of Felix, Mr. Bellingham, who did not know him, cloſed the book of prints which he was inſpecting, and puting up his eye-glaſs, ſurveyed the commanding figure of Charlemont, with inſolent compoſure. The two Carysforts, preſſed forwards to ſhake hands with him.

"So, ſtill alive Charlemont!" cried the eldeſt, who principally reſided in England, he being Colonel in the Life Guards; "how goes on hermiting? I hear you make a *famous* good ſolitary. Upon my ſoul, you look *famouſly* though!

How

How do you manage living here? eh?"

Charlemont disdaining to answer nonsense, but compassionating the limited intellect of the officer, merely enquired after his health; and walked forward with Lord Glenroy, to be introduced to Mr. and Miss Bellingham.

"You are a *famous* good crop, Charlemont;" exclaimed the Colonel, pursuing his steps, as Lord Glenroy quitted the room; "what fellow hereabouts, does the thing so well? It's a *famous* thing to know such a fellow."

"You are a most *infamous* bore, Carysfort," replied Charlemont, condescending to answer him in his own stile, while he turned his attention to Miss Bellingham.

"O! the Colonel is a public nuisance," said she, throwing aside a large French shawl, and discovering one of the most

perfectly formed figures in the world; "I want Lord Glenroy to vote him one, and to turn him out."

"Beauty and cruelty, have ever been inſeparable," cried the younger Carysfort, with a bow and a ſneer.

"O Heavens!" exclaimed Miſs Bellingham, "if you attack me with your artillery of compliments, I throw down my arms."

"Throw them round *my* neck."

As Mr. Carysfort ſaid this, Charlemont turned upon him with haughty contempt. He read in the bold eyes, and unbluſhing countenance of this man, all the effrontery, ſatire, and aſperity for which he was remarkable. The freedom of the ſpeech diſpleaſed him, the manner more; and ſilently commenting upon the brilliant eyes, and exquiſite figure of Miſs Bellingham, he walked paſt him, and went up to the window.

window. After remaining there in silence, for some moments, he turned round, and met the cool but inquisitive gaze of Mr. Bellingham, who was rudely standing before the fire, picking his teeth. Charlemont's searching eyes flashed almost arrogantly over him. Bellingham, somewhat disconcerted, hummed a tune, yawned, declared, he was perfectly done up by the cold weather; and then sauntered to the glass, to comb out his short curled hair.

"I protest, that fellow," said Mr. Carysfort, "has more impudence than all his countrymen put together! if I had dared to have committed in one month, but half the enormities, which he has nobly dashed through this morning; Miss Bellingham's bright eyes, would have killed me in the fact."

Mr. Bellingham condeſcended to anſwer this attack upon him, by another yawn. His ſiſter bluſhed.

"Are there many agreeable people near Killarney, Mr. Charlemont?" ſaid ſhe, ſtriving to divert the attention from her ſupercilious and ill-bred brother.

"I dare ſay, there are," replied Charlemont, ſtarting from a trance of thought; "in every place, I think, a mind deſirous of being pleaſed, will find objects capable of making it ſo. The family I reſide with, are all excellent."

"Pſhaw! Don't talk to be of pleaſant people;" cried the Colonel, flinging himſelf into a ſeat oppoſite Miſs Bellingham; "I remember ſpending two months with Archdeacon McKinnon laſt year; and may I be ſcourged, if I ever ſaw ſuch a ſet of horrible quizzes in all my life! As to pretty women, there

there is not one.—Yes, yes! I recollect one Roſe, ſomething or other, a *famous* black eyed girl, with a cheek like a peach or a pink, or——" "or, Miſs Bellingham's laſt rouge box!" cried his brother, interrupting him maliciouſly, and fixing his impudent ſtare full on the lady's face. The beautiful, and good-natured Flora, laughed.

"You have not ſaid a ſevere thing, I can aſſure you;" cried ſhe, "every body knows, (for I never ſeek to conceal it,) that I give my cheek the colour which nature won't. You cannot ſpoil my fortune, Mr. Carysfort with all your good temper.

Carysfort forced a laugh, but did not reply.

"Scourge me!" exclaimed the Colonel ſuddenly, "you are in diſhabille, Miſs Bellingham! Do, for Heaven's ſake, "*let awful beauty put on all her*

charms!" You know we dine infamouſly early at Mount Randal.—But what the devil has got hold of the Viſcount? Scourge me, if he would'nt make a *famous* good parſon, for he is always getting into holes and corners."

The red lip of Flora Bellingham, trembled with vexation.

"Not a modern parſon, I am ſure," ſaid ſhe, glancing keenly upon Mr. Carysfort, who had juſt entered into holy orders.

"What, you think he would make an ancient one? O ſcourge me, but that's *famous!* Bellingham! here is your ſiſter calling his Lordſhip an *antique.*"

Bellingham replied by a hum only, and then turned to his ſiſter.

"Flora, why don't you go and dreſs? We dine at four you know. I ſhall be off, for I'm moſt tremendouſly hipped."

As

As he ſpoke, he ſauntered out; and Miſs Bellingham immediately riſing, her example was followed by the reſt of the gentlemen; who haſtened to their ſeparate dreſſing-rooms, while Charlemont joined Lord Glenroy in his.

At dinner, Lady Dunallen, Lady Margaret, and ſome neighbouring gentlemen appeared. Mr. Bellingham, put into good humour by three ſumptuous courſes, condeſcended to addreſs Mr. Charlemont. Charlemont was however, majeſtically indifferent either to his attention or neglect, and directed all his converſation to the very animated and handſome Flora. Her ſtriking features, enlivened by a ſtronger colour than that which ſhe had worn in the morning; and her faultleſs figure, diſplayed in all its captivation, by the hand of faſhion, could not be ſeen without pleaſure: and when to them, was added the playful-

neſs of youth and innocence, Charlemont could not conceive why Lord Glenroy ſhould reſign her his plighted hand, with reluctance.

Glenroy was cold and ſilent. Retired within himſelf, he either did not hear, or would not notice, the lively ſallies of the lovely Flora, who by turns rallied the Colonel, "*cut up*" the clergyman, and defended her brother. Charlemont could not look at Colonel Carysfort, without recalling the libertine manner in which he had ſpoken of Roſe; and as he eyed the man, he almoſt felt as if he could have annihilated him for ſuch preſumption.

At eight o'clock, when the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, Charlemont found the party augmented by the Fitzpatricks; and the OBrien family from Fort Kerry, to whoſe care Mr. Heſter from ſudden indiſpoſition, had

had been obliged to consign Miss de Blaquiere. As Charlemont was rapidly approaching her, he saw Fitzpatrick whisk himself into the only vacant chair, at which he involuntarily bit his lip, and turned away to a sopha, where were seated Sir Kenelm OBrien, and Colonel Carysfort.

"Do you know who those *Puddingfields* and *Beefington's* are, Charlemont?" asked the officer, levelling his eye across, to the three good-natured Miss OBriens, who sat with faces like full blown pionies, directly opposite. Charlemont squeezed his arm.

"Be more discreet;" whispered he, "their father sits next you."

"The devil he does!" cried the officer turning round, and staring the venerable old gentleman full in the face; "then by heaven! I'm off.—Scourge me, who's that?" added he, stopping, and stretch-

ing out his neck, as the riſing of Miſs Prudy OBriendiſcovered Roſe; "ſcourge me, if I don't think——"

"That ſhe is a very beautiful creature!" ſaid Sir Kenelm with a deep ſigh; "ſhe always ſeems to make me young again. Forty years ago," added he, turning his regretful eyes upon Charlemont, who was now his only liſtener; "I can well remember the celebrated Lady Coventry, then the boaſt and beauty of our country, exactly like this ſweet young creature. I was at that time her lover Sir; and you may be certain, that neither age nor other affections, have been able to efface the impreſſion of ſuch an image."

Charlemont looked at him with pleaſure. He viewed the long white hair of his venerable companion, and romantically thought, that beneath that ſnowy head, there beat ſtill the warm heart of undying

undying attachment; but he ſoon experienced a more rational conviction, as his eyes accidentally encountered the broad ſmiling faces of the Miſs OBriens, and the plain but ſenſible countenance of their reſpectable mother. A deep ſigh eſcaped him: he was thinking of the mutability of the human heart; of the extinction of beauty, of the future death of Roſe. Diſtracted with the thought, that ſhe ſhould one day be forgotten; that other eyes would obliterate the memory of hers, he ſuddenly ſtarted from his ſeat, and quitted the room.

The unconſcious cauſe of theſe emotions, little dreamt of their exiſtence: ſhe ſaw only Charlemont neglectful of her; and almoſt offended with the inconſiſtency of his conduct, was liſtening to a long ſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's, (whoſe ſon was taken by Lord Glenroy,

up

up to Miſs Bellingham;) when the following dialogue behind met her ear.

"And what the devil *is* the fellow?"

"O! a ſecond ſon of Lord Roſcommon's!" replied Mr. Carysfort, to whom the interrogation had been addreſſed, by Mr. Bellingham; "you muſt have heard Lord Glenroy ſpeak of him a thouſand times."

"No, faith not I! Glenroy is a moſt ſtupifying ſubject, and I never talked to him five minutes together, in all my life. And ſo the man is a ſon of Lord Roſcommon's? upon my ſoul, I took him for a prince of the blood at leaſt!"

"Yes, yes, a ſtrolling monarch in diſguiſe;" rejoined Carysfort, with a contemptuous laugh; "they are as common now as creditors;—Bore me! if I don't think a dun, a much better thing."

"All to nothing; replied the other, with his uſual frigid ſcorn; "and what

is

is this Mr. Charlemont? is he in the houſe, or the army?"

"O! the army to be ſure. Do you ſuppoſe that ſuch a very handſome man, would loſe the opportunity of wearing a red coat? No, no, he is too vain of his perſon for that!"

"I ſuppoſe he's a great fool?" ſaid Mr. Bellingham.

"O, to be ſure; who ever ſaw a very handſome man that was not?"

"Very true." And both gentlemen, upon whom nature had ſtamped uglineſs in moſt gigantic lineaments, gave their heads a ſupercilious toſs.

"And how does he live?" rejoined Bellingham, "does his father do decently by him?"

"Won't give him a farthing; replied Carysfort; "he has no expectations but from a rich uncle, that made a fortune in India."

"How

"How is that?"

"Why, the devil fetch me, if I know very well! I believe though, he took it into his head to fly off with a tragedy bounce, becauſe his father has lately married Lady Emily Macdonald. This fellow uſed to dangle after her himſelf—you underſtand me!"

The loud laugh which burſt from Bellingham at theſe words, made Roſe look round: the lightning of her eyes, ſilenced them inſtantaneouſly. With ſomething like confuſion, both of them turned away, and left Roſe to her reflections.

Mr. Carysfort flung himſelf into a ſeat near Miſs Bellingham.

"Do you know who that is with roſes in her hair?" aſked he careleſsly, "that girl by the window there, who has ſo induſtriouſly hidden every thing but her white throat!"

"And

"And what fault do you find with that?" ſaid Miſs Bellingham, drawing inſtinctively away from him; "you loſe nothing of the beautiful ſymmetry of her fine ſhape, by her having done ſo?"

"True; but then you know, one is not quite ſo ſure!" replied he, lowering his voice; "ladies mantua-makers, you know Miſs Bellingham——"

Miſs Bellingham bluſhed and turned away, while her boſom heaved with offended delicacy; but Lady Margaret Roſs burſt into a loud laugh, only calling him a monſter.

"Well, but who is ſhe?" continued the perſevering Carysfort, ſtill keeping his affronting eyes fixed upon Roſe. "Sure! it's Miſs de Blaquiere;" ſaid Miſs Prudy OBrien, (with the broadeſt brogue.) "Don't you think her very handſome?"

"Not

"Not after I have ſeen Miſs Prudence O'Brien," returned Carysfort, bowing obſequiouſly, and ſtifling a ſatirical ſmile. The poor girl much diſconcerted, addreſſed Lady Margaret.

"You can't think, my lady, what a clever *cratur* Miſs de Blaquiere is! ſhe draws the moſt beautiful drawings you ever ſaw; and plays, and ſings divinely! and beſides that, ſhe *rades* from morning till night; and writes poetry, and proſe, like——"

"A man!" interrupted Mr. Carysfort, "then bore me, if ſhe and her beauty, and her learning into the bargain, may not be ſouſed in the red ſea! from all pedagogues in petticoats, good Lord deliver me!—I ſay, Bellingham! let's hoax the authoreſs!"

Bellingham obeying his call, walked with him again towards Roſe, who was now ſurrounded by a knot of gentlemen; amongſt

amongſt whom, the ſecret of her writing poetry, ſpread like wild-fire. In five minutes, ſhe found herſelf deſerted by every male creature, excepting Mr. Carysfort, and Charlemont; the latter of whom, ſtood gloomily oppoſite to her, leaning in ſilence over a chair. Carysfort, with all the ſtinging compoſure of perfect contempt, by turns inſulted her in compliments, and mortified her by deriſion. He drew the moſt ridiculous portrait of female genius; and then ſtaring rudely in her face, remarked that he heard, ſhe "wrote romances and poems, moſt ſurpriſingly." Roſe bit her lip at the emphaſiſed word, ſurpriſingly, and did not anſwer him.

"What! and I ſuppoſe now," ſaid Carysfort, "that you have a perpetual moon, that always ſhines; and an ocean, that always roars; and a rock, that always frowns; and a lover, that always ſighs; and a heroine, that never eats?

—For

—For heaven's ſake, don't put me in!"

"No; becauſe then," ſaid a voice from behind, "we ſhould have a fool, that always prates."

Carysfort turned round, and ſaw Miſs Bellingham.

"Come, get up!" ſaid ſhe, "and let me ſupply the place which you have ſo unworthily filled."

Carysfort obeyed.

"Miſs de Blaquiere," added ſhe, kindly taking her hand; "I will get introduced to you as faſt as I can.—Lord Glenroy!"

The Viſcount quitted his mother, with whom he was ſeriouſly converſing; and haſtened to Miſs Bellingham.

"Introduce me here directly, Ronald!" ſaid ſhe, "I have waſted too much of my time upon theſe ſtupid creatures at the other end of the room."

Lord Glenroy gracefully joined their hands. His heart ſwelled, and for a moment

moment made himſelf incapable of ſpeaking; but recovering himſelf, he announced Miſs Bellingham to Miſs de Blaquiere; and then hurried to Lady Dunallen: yet his eye lingered upon them both, and as he marked the benevolent cordiality of the lovely Flora, he hated himſelf for prefering another.

"Did you ever ſee ſuch things, as thoſe men there?" aſked Miſs Bellingham, pointing to the Carysforts, and three young Lords ſtill in minority, who had come in the ſuite of the rich Sir Kenelm OBrien; "whenever I ſee a young man with a cocked hat lying between his feet, his head bent down, his toes turned in, and his hands in his breeches pockets; whenever I ſee him with theſe unequivocal proofs of faſhion, I know what to think of him."

"I fear you are not a charitable judge, Miſs Bellingham." Said Roſe.

"O,

"O, but I am a very juſt one," returned ſhe, "I know theſe creatures are all twin brothers; no ſhadow of difference at all but in their perſons; and them, the taylor makes as like as ever he can. Truſt me, my dear Miſs de Blaquiere, every mortal in that ſet, are as like as ſmooth ſhillings; not a diſtinguiſhing point of character left in any corner of their ſouls. There's a man now, (looking at the Colonel,) who has not in his mind, ſo much as a peg to hang an idea upon.—I give you his own phraſe, (not that he ever applied it to himſelf,) his mind is a fine tract of barren land; and I pray heaven! it may be ſpeedily cultivated."

"Are you ſo much intereſted for him?" aſked Roſe, archly.

"Nothing but mere philanthropy my dear, I can aſſure you;—out of pity to the unfortunate people who are doomed to

to hear his nonſenſe, I have put up that prayer. But where's Mr. Charlemont? "*he* is a man, take him for all and all—" you know the reſt."

"He is indeed the god of his ſex!"

This inconſiderate expreſſion, burſt from the lips of Roſe, as her eye, intenſely fixed upon the nobleneſs of his figure, and the effulgent brightneſs of his countenance, was kindling in her heart the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of his ſuperiority. Flora Bellingham looked at her with comic ſweetneſs.

"So, ſo—Mr. Charlemont has not been idle here, I find!"

Roſe was about to ſpeak, but Miſs Bellingham ſportively put her hand upon her lips, and beckoned to Charlemont. He had been longing for ſuch an invitation, and was immediately at her ſide.

"What

"What is the matter with you Mr. Charlemont?" ſaid the lively Flora, as ſhe made room for him between Roſe and herſelf; "I hope you are not always ſo diſagreeable as you have been to-night? I ſhan't like you, if you are, you may depend. O Heavens! I have quite enough of melancholy, whenever I look at Lord Glenroy: he is ſo changed!" a ſigh, that ſeemed to proceed from an aching heart, eſcaped her at this; but ſhe hemmed it away, and continued; "well, I proteſt, I never ſaw a more immoveable face in my life! why ſir, you are certainly petrified into ſtone!"

"Not abſolutely," and Charlemont and as he ſmiled, ſighed too.

"Miſs de Blaquiere has been ſaying of you juſt now—"

"What?"

Roſe

Roſe trembled, and ſtammered out ſome indiſtinct words.

"She has been ſaying," continued Miſs Bellingham, ſtill unmindful of her companion's feelings; "that—(O! that *my* brother had received ſuch an eulogium!) that you are—a very reſpectable character."

Miſs Bellingham laughed, Roſe looked down, and the glow of expectation on the cheek of Charlemont, faded in a moment.

"And ſo you are come to ſpend the winter at Killarney?" ſaid the gay Flora, addreſſing Charlemont after a pauſe; "how will you manage to exiſt?"

"Perhaps I ſhall *not* exiſt!" returned he with a faint ſmile; "before this winter terminates, I ſhall be in Holland."

Roſe, hardly conſcious of what ſhe did, caught his arm, and looking wildly

in his face, exclaimed;—"In Holland?"

A brighter colour again ſpread the face of Charlemont, while his eyes uttering nothing but love, ſeemed to pour into her heart.

"Yes," ſaid he, animated by the thought, that if he fell, he ſhould be regretted; yes Roſe, I am going to loſe in the duties and dangers of a ſoldier, all the many cares which preſs upon my heart;" a fuller glance of his eye from her to Fitzpatrick, explained the meaning of theſe words.

Roſe, in a thrill of delightful conviction, could not anſwer.

"But how is this?" ſaid Miſs Bellingham, "I thought you were in the Life Guards, Mr. Charlemont? and ſurely, they never go abroad: that ſplendid corps you know, is kept as a ſort of *bonne bouche*

bouche for the enemy, whenever they may come to London to fetch it?"

"I intend to exchange into another regiment;" replied he, "when ſo many men leave their country, and their happineſs, in defence of right and liberty, why ſhould *I* who have no happineſs to loſe, remain inactive at home?"

"Mercy defend me!" cried Miſs Bellingham ſtarting up, and drawing Roſe after her; "why, I ſhall perſuade myſelf preſently, that you are a voice from the tombs, or a tolling bell—or a laſt dying ſpeech—or any thing elſe, that is horrible and blue deviliſh. Do leave him Miſs de Blaquiere, I hate ſuch melancholy creatures.—I verily believe Mr. Charlemont, that *you* are the perſon who has made away with all my Glenroy's ſpirits! take care! if I find it ſo, I'll ſend you in a bill as long as Mr. Carysfort's chin."

At theſe words ſhe croſſed the room in great haſte, and forcing Roſe into the circle near Lady Dunallen, remained till ſupper-time, talking alternately with Captain Fitzpatrick, and one of the young Lordlings.

Charlemont, though immediately joined by his friend Glenroy, did not loſe ſight of Roſe. He ſaw that a profound ſadneſs had taken place of that ſmiling animation, which played in her lips on his firſt entrance; that ſhe ſat ſpiritleſs and abſtracted, in the midſt of gaiety and compliment; that the information of his intended purpoſe, had revulſed all her feelings:—this was ſtrange, when Fitzpatrick was ſo near! Again he recalled her countenance, and her exclamation, juſt before Miſs Bellingham ſeparated them; and a vague ſuſpicion that he was eſtranging her from Fitzpatrick, made his heart beat violently.

For

For an inſtant, the thought was exquiſite; but honour, rectitude, compaſſion, rapidly diſperſed the illuſion.

"I will not rob him of this treaſure;" ſaid he to himſelf, "I will not by baſely heightening the pity which I have raiſed, make her unfaithful to a confiding, and therefore reſpectable man. From this moment, for the ſake of her peace, for that of my own, I determine to bury the ſecret of this fatal attachment in the bottom of my heart."

This reſolution, once made, inſpired Charlemont with the power of approaching Fitzpatrick, and of repairing the rudeneſs of the morning, by the moſt marked attention. At ſupper he was chearful and brilliant; and Glenroy's eyes glittering with pleaſure, again hailed his friend in all the blaze of genius. The party ſeperated at one in the morning. Roſe, got into her uncle's chariot, (into

"And what did he ſay, Sir?"

"Oh, he ſaid a thouſand very ſenſible things, for all he has acted ſo fooliſhly. In the firſt place, he acknowledged that he had behaved like an aſs; and in the next place, he begged my pardon."

"Well Sir! But what information did he give you about Mr. Walpole?"

"Very little. I find that this man, and two brothers of the name of Harvey, came to ſee Killarney: the Harveys brought with them from Scotland, letters of recommendation from Sir William Hope, to Fitzpatrick and his mother. As Sir William is a moſt reſpectable man, our young Captain thought himſelf authoriſed to confide confidentially upon the honour of people ſanctioned by the Baronet's introduction; and accordingly, entered without any reluctance, into the intereſt of Mr. Walpole,

pole, when he chose to fall in love with you. I find, this Walpole vaunted very much of his father's rank and wealth; and said, that as he was sure of not getting his consent till the affair was over, he would by no means be introduced to me, since I was not likely to suffer my neice to marry, without the approbation of all parties. Fitzpatrick declared too, that he thought you approved of his friend, or he would not have had a hand in the business at all."

"I hope you convinced him otherwise, my dear sir?"

"Yes, yes, I convinced him; and so he sallied out, very much humiliated about his own part in this matter, (the impropriety of which I made apparent to him;) and very grateful for the facility with which I accepted his apologies. Upon my word, I give the poor fellow credit for good intentions, though

he has been the dupe of this man; whoſe face, I pray heaven, none of us may ever ſee again!"

"Did you inſiſt upon Mr. Walpole's leaving Killarney?" aſked Roſe.

"To be ſure I did; I bade Fitzpatrick tell him, that if he were a man of honour, I would liſten to his propoſals with indulgence; though I deſpaired of your accepting them.—But, that if he had no reſpectable ones to offer, I commanded him to quit Killarney; or elſe, through the medium of the gentleman whoſe recommendation he had falſified, he ſhould be publicly diſgraced."

Roſe dropping upon her knees, kiſſed the hands of her indulgent protector; and in that poſture invoked bleſſings upon his kind, his benevolent heart; then riſing, ſat down beſide him, to give ſome account of the party at Mount Randal. She had very fully anſwered every

every queſtion of Mr. ONiel, reſpecting the company, and the amuſements, when a ſummons from below, brought her into the drawing-room, to Miſs Bellingham. She found in her train, Colonel Carysfort and his brother.

"Why, you are looking as beautiful as Hebe herſelf!" cried the very beautiful Flora, familiarly taking her hand; "what would *I* give, for as much bright carmine, free of all coſt!"

"O! but it coſts Miſs de Blaquiere many a long hour, I have no doubt," ſaid the ever ill-natured Mr. Carysfort.

Roſe, with ſomething like diſpleaſure, aſked him what he meant?

"Why, now tell me," returned he, (if a lady can be ſincere!) whether you do not ſtarve yourſelf in the open air, upon thoſe mountains around us, on purpoſe to keep up this bed of roſes? If you won't confeſs this, I'll ſwear that

nature never had a hand in their growth."

"I don't deny it;" replied Roſe with a ſmile of contempt, "I walk for health; and health I ſuppoſe, always brings—"

"Beauty in her train!" Carysfort laughed ſatirically, as he interrupted her with the laſt words, and added, "however you might have ended the ſentence to *us*, Miſs de Blaquiere, I would ſtake my life upon your poetical imagination having concluded it to yourſelf, as I have done."

Roſe with a diſordered look, turned to the ſmiling Flora.

"Is not Mr. Carysfort a very rude man, Miſs Bellingham!"

The ſimplicity of the queſtion, and the modeſt dignity with which it was uttered, ſomewhat abaſhed Mr. Carysfort, and amuſed Flora. She anſwered with good humour.

"The

"The verieſt bear in creation: nay, I think, a ſort of poiſonous reptile, to which naturaliſts have not yet been able to aſſign a name. Conceive his ambition! Ever ſince he could wield that forked tongue of his, he has been labouring to eſtabliſh for himſelf the character, of being the moſt unfeeling, the moſt ill-natured, the moſt ill-bred man of his age. What a glorious aim! How will *his* name ſhine in the annals of an era, which has teemed with the brighteſt heroes that ever lived! O! matchleſs Carysfort! you are indeed nobly qualified for preaching the wide charity of chriſtianity!"

Miſs Bellingham, with bitter diſdain, and unuſual warmth, turned away as ſhe ſpoke. Roſe pitied Mr. Carysfort.

"Famous!" cried the Colonel, ſlapping his brother on the back; "ſcourge me, if Miſs Bellingham isn't fit either for

for the ſtage or the pulpit! How are you off for lectures! eh Sammy?"

Mr. Carysfort, with affected compoſure, declared he was "moſt immenſely amuſed; that all pretty women, looked prettier in a paſſion; that he never ſaw two angels in a *pucker* before; and therefore begged to return thanks to them both, for the entertainment."

"Don't ſup oſe, my dear Miſs de Blaquiere," ſaid Miſs Bellingham, ſuddenly; "that I brought theſe creatures out of choice! The fact was, the parſon here, thruſt himſelf into the ſervice, and the Colonel offered to drive me in my brother's curricle, nobody elſe being diſengaged: however, to do the dear Colonel juſtice, *he* is a very inoffenſive animal.'

The Colonel, laughing, (to ſhew his newly ſcaled teeth,) acknowledged obligation for the compliment.

"And

"And where is Mr. Charlemont?" continued Miſs Bellingham, "Oh, I recollect! He was to ride out with Lord Glenroy this morning. Did you ſee his lordſhip to-day? I thought he looked pale."

A ſigh trembled on the lips of Miſs Bellingham, and ſhe walked to the window to conceal her tearful eyes. "Oh, there's Captain Fitzpatrick!" cried ſhe, with all her uſual vivacity; "and coming here too, with ſomething very elegant with him! My dear Miſs de Blaquiere, is there any creature in this neighbourhood out of Caſtle-Connel, with ſuch an air as that?"

Roſe gueſſed who was the companion of Fitzpatrick, and was confirmed in her ſuppoſition, by his entrance with Madame de Villemar. The noble ſhape, the animated but touching countenance of the lovely French woman; the wild

beauty

beauty of her hair, which the wind had thrown into diſgraceful diſorder; made an inſtant impreſſion upon the gueſts at Caſtle-Connel. Miſs Bellingham's ſpeaking eyes, teſtified her approbation; and Colonel Carysfort, dazzled by novelty, hardly knew whether he ſhould fall in love with Roſe, or the emigrée. Fitzpatrick was in a moment at the ſide of Miſs Bellingham.

"I was born under a fortunate ſtar!" cried he, "this is one of the happieſt days in my life."

"Bleſs my heart! what a rhapſody;" ſaid Flora, "what makes you ſo happy?"

"Seeing you." Fitzpatrick bowed and ſmiled, and Miſs Bellingham laughed at him. Colonel Carysfort drew him aſide.

"I ſay Fitz, who the devil's that? I've a great mind to blow your brains

out, for a monopoly of fine women! Such a little ſtripling of a Captain as you are, to have that charming creature, and Roſe de Blaquiere, and I don't know who beſides, all ready to enliſt under your banners! Here am I, a Colonel, and ſix feet high, and can't get one woman to care ſixpence about me."

"I'll tell you the ſecret," ſaid Fitzpatrick breaking away, and glancing over the officer's gigantic figure; "you are too much *above* them."

"Oh, ſcourge me, but that's too bad!" cried the Colonel, "Fitz, how are you off for bad puns?"

Roſe could not prevent a laugh at this jargon, which ſhe had unintentionally overheard: ſhe turned to the young widow, and enquired after the health of the Ducheſs.

"Ah! my mother is very unwell indeed;" replied her friend, "if ſhe had not

not been too ill for me to have left her, you ſhould not my dear Roſe, have attended Mr. ONiel alone. But where is Mrs. Heſter and Mr. Charlemont?"

"I'll tell you ma'm;" cried Flora, with lively freedom; "for I know Miſs de Blaquiere will diſguiſe the truth. Mrs. Heſter is ſuppoſed to be out; but *I* know that ſhe is buſy amongſt paſtry, or pickles, or preſerves, or ſomething like that, and ſo won't be ſeen. And Mr. Charlemont has got a diſorder called the *doleſuls*, with which he has infected another very worthy young man; and they are gone off upon two horſes as melancholy looking as themſelves, to groan among the rocks and dells."

A ſweet ſmile dimpled the cheek of the lovely brunette, to whom ſhe ſpoke.

"You are ſo animated a deſcriber," returned ſhe, "that I hope your imagination

nation alone, has to do with the latter account!"

"No, it's very true I aſſure you;" replied Miſs Bellingham, "Mr. Charlemont uſed to be ſpoken of to me, as one of the moſt ſun-like beings in the world; a ſort of creature, between a man and a god; with all the ſplendors of the laſt, ſhaded by a few imperfections attendant on the firſt; but in truth, *I* find him a very handſome ſtatue:—ſomething like my Glenroy, without any ſoul."

Whether Madame de Villemar were unuſed to ſuch uncommon openneſs, in one of her own ſex; or amazed at this ſtrange picture of Charlemont, Roſe could not tell; but ſhe ſaw her ſtart, as Flora concluded, and fix her eyes powerfully upon her face.

"Come parſon!" cried Miſs Bellingham, tapping the head of the ſullen Carysfort, "ariſe, and follow me. I have

have outſtaid the time allowed me by Lady Dunallen—who, by the bye, Miſs de Blaquiere, begged me to leave her compliments with you all. Farewell! I long to releaſe this unhappy man from the ſulks, for I ſee he can't look up again in your company. Captain Fitzpatrick, hand me down ſtairs."

The delighted Fitzpatrick, flew to obey the ſummons. Preſſing the ſoft hand which ſhe gave him, he vowed ſhe had conferred a diſtinction upon him, which nothing on earth could equal. Miſs Bellingham ſmiled, and repeating a cordial "good morning" departed with the two brothers, for Mount Randal.

Fitzpatrick ſtood at the door, looking after the beautiful Flora till ſhe was out of ſight; and then ſcampered into the drawing-room, to his friend and couſin.

"There Gabrielle;" cried he, rubbing his hands directly oppoſite the glaſs, and

and ſhaking back his fine hair; "did you ever ſee any thing half ſo beautiful, in all your exiſtence?—'Did ever poet image ought ſo fair, dreaming in whiſpering grove, by the hoarſe brook?'

"Poetry too! then you are far gone, my poor couſin," ſaid Madame de Villemar, with a languid ſmile.

"Gone!" repeated Fitzpatrick, "why I'm loſt irrecoverably. Never was any man half ſo much in love in fifty years, as I am from laſt night and this morning! Did you ever ſee ſuch eyes? ſo killingly bright, ſo bewitchingly ſpirited! Such a mouth! ſuch teeth! and ſuch a ſhape!—O! I'm gone for ever."

Roſe laughed at this nonſenſe; and Gabrielle, without liſtening to it, walked up to a flower-ſtand.

"Take care!" ſaid Roſe, "you are on dangerous ground, I can tell you. Miſs Bellingham is forbidden fruit."

Fitzpatrick

Fitzpatrick ſtarted, and with a more anxious look than he had ever worn, aſked her what ſhe meant. "Don't tell me that ſhe is engaged, Roſe;" ſaid he, "or elſe expect to ſee me dangling to-night, on that tree before your window. She ſhan't marry; nobody can deſerve her. Every man may be her lover, but no one ſhall dare to be her huſband."

"Heigh-day! what a gaſconade is this!" exclaimed Roſe, "however, I warn you, not to woo diſappointment. Miſs Bellingham is engaged to marry Lord Glenroy."

"You jeſt, Roſe!" ſaid Fitzpatrick.

"No indeed. Mr. Charlemont was the perſon, from whom I received the information."

"Engaged!—but how?"

"I underſtand, they were affianced before Miſs Bellingham was ſixteen: and would have been married long ſince, but for

for the will of Miſs Bellingham's aunt, who died, and left her all the large eſtates ſhe now poſſeſſes, on the condition of not marrying until ſhe was one-and-twenty. Lord Glenroy went abroad ſoon after this arrangement, and only returned to Scotland ſome months ago. I fancy Miſs Bellingham is now near the deſtined age."

Fitzpatrick hummed, and coughed, and ſighed, and laughed, and endeavoured to look unconcerned; but it would not do; and at laſt he was obliged to confeſs; that he never was ſo much in love in his life; and never ſo deeply mortified, as he was to hear of Miſs Bellingham's engagement.

"Well! I'm not the firſt man, who has been knocked down never to riſe again, by a pair of fine eyes!" cried he, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, and taking up Charlemont's flute; "ſo here's a country-

country-dance for you, to drive away ſorrow."

Mrs. Heſter entered in the midſt of his noiſy muſic; and Madame de Villemar turned from the flower-ſtand, to welcome her appearance.

"You have been diſcovered, my dear madam;" ſaid ſhe, "the young lady juſt gone from hence, told me ſhe was ſure you were at home."

"I was ſuch a figure!" returned Mrs. Heſter, ſtroking down the ſtiff folds of her clean muſlin apron; "for ſhe came juſt as I was beginning to mix the egg and ſeed for my birds."

"But where's Mr. ONiel?" ſaid Fitzpatrick, "we are come to dine with you, Mrs. Heſter; ſo I ſhall bounce up ſtairs, and bring the good gentleman down."

Fitzpatrick ſeized the opportunity of telling Mr. ONiel, that in conſequence of

of a ſtrong remonſtrance by letter, to the deſpicable Mr. Walpole, he had quitted Killarney that morning, without an attempt at defence. Fitzpatrick renewed his ſincere proteſtations of contrition, for his certainly unjuſtifiable conduct: and Mr. ONiel, elated with the delivery of his dear Roſe from ſo dangerous a lover, joined his family in the parlour, with encreaſed ſpirits. The day however, paſſed indifferently. Charlemont was away; Fitzpatrick grew every moment more ſtupid; and Madame de Villemar's eyes were frequently filled with tears: ſhe talked ſolely of her mother's ill health, and ſeemed impreſſed with the moſt unhappy preſentiments of her approaching end. Roſe, infected by her ſadneſs, became ſad too; and when at nine o'clock, Mrs. Fitzpatrick's carriage was announced, Mrs. Heſter

 declared,

declared, ſhe had never before ſpent ſo dull a day.

Roſe, dreamt of nothing but her melancholy friend. She ſhuddered at the deſolate ſtate in which the death of her only parent would leave her; and got up in the morning, with the determination of walking to Killarney, to ſee and comfort her. On declaring her intention, Aleck was ordered to attend his young lady; and Roſe, wrapping herſelf in a peliſe, commenced her walk.

As ſhe was haſtening along the bank of the Loch, Mr. Bellingham and Colonel Carysfort, appeared on horſeback. Mr. Bellingham condeſcended to give her a cold bow, but the officer, more gallant, flung himſelf off his horſe, and conſigning it to his groom, inſiſted upon the honour of eſcorting her in her ramble.

"I ſhould

"I ſhould tax your politeneſs moſt unpardonably, if I accepted your obliging offer;" ſaid ſhe, "for I have near a mile to walk further. A perſon not uſed to ſuch exerciſe, would find it diſagreeable."

"O! I'm a capital pedeſtrian!" exclaimed the Colonel, "I may without vanity aſſert, that there is not a man upon the pavèe, that can hold it out as I do. You've heard of Bond Street in London I ſuppoſe? Well, only conceive my walking there laſt May, every day from one till ſix? You won't believe me perhaps, but I did it, 'pon my ſoul I did!"

"I certainly ſhould not have credited this, in any other man than Colonel Carysfort!" ſaid Roſe, firmly believing, that there was not another man, ſo criminally careleſs of his time. The Colo-

nel very highly gratified, made a low bow.

"You never were in England I fear?"

"Never."

"That's very unfortunate! you can't conceive how you would be run after—and you would be so entertained! There are such famous lounges in London. I'll tell you how I live. I rise about eleven; for I'm a very early man;—and then I dress;—and then, I sally out at two o'clock;—flag-hopping in Bond Street, or riding in Hyde Park till six;—then come home, and dress for dinner at seven; then lounge into the opera, just time enough to see the last act of the Ballet.—That's the way to live, Miss de Blaquiere! There no existing without Bond street and the Opera!"

Mr. Bellingham who had haughtily rode by their side, during this ridiculous

lous dialogue, now coldly aſked whether the Colonel meant to return to Mount Randal. Miſs de Blaquiere, ſeizing the opportunity, repeated her requeſt that the gallant officer would finiſh his ride with Mr. Bellingham; and at laſt, almoſt laying her commands upon him to do ſo, haſtened away with her attendant Aleck.

When Roſe reached the town of Killarney, ſhe found that the Dutcheſs de Rouſillon had not yet riſen; and that Madame de Villemar was ſtill in her mother's room.

"Do not diſturb her then;" ſaid ſhe to the ſervant, "I will wait here in the parlour, until ſhe comes."

Roſe threw off her peliſſe, and ſitting down, ſtirred the fire. Solitude always brought with it the image of Charlemont. Again the dreadful ſounds of his intended departure, ſeemed to ring in

her ears; and alternately imagining him whelmed in that ocean which was to bear him from her; or expiring on the fatal fields of Holland; ſhe acknowledged with an aching heart, that he was now all the world to her. Tears trickled down her cheeks, which ſhe haſtily dried at the ſound of footſteps; and ſnatching out a volume from the book-caſe, endeavoured to appear abſorbed in its ſubject.

The perſon who approached, was only the ſervant, coming to put freſh peat on the fire: going out directly after he had done ſo, he left Roſe once more to her melancholy reflections. They were however, ſufficiently deranged to admit other impreſſions; and forcibly diſengaging her thoughts from their afflicting idol, ſhe turned her eyes upon the book. The firſt leaves ſhe ſeparated, contained a looſe ſheet of paper, blotted

as

as if with tears, through the ſtains of which, ſhe read with difficulty the following ſonnet.

Sonnet.

Joyleſs to me is life!——a darken'd way,
It ſtretches onward: that bright ſtar is gone,
Which late with ſudden, yet with ſofteſt ray,
O'er my illumin'd path, all radiant ſhone;—
I now muſt journey ſad and chearleſs on;
For what can light again, extinguiſh'd day?—
O! precious blaze of love, yet, yet delay,
And warm this tear-wet cheek, now cold and wan!——
Vainly I rave! The lovely light is o'er;
And all is dark and ſilent in the ſky:
Deep ſteeped in gloom, thoſe vernal proſpects lie,
Which ſeemed ſo ſmiling, and ſo green before.—
What then is life to me? Since never more
Star of my ſoul! thy beams ſhall meet mine eye!——

The colour of the paper and the ink, with which this ſonnet was written, convinced Roſe, that it had not been a recent production: ſhe read it over again, and beſtowed a ſigh upon the

unhappy ſtate of its writer. Whilſt it was yet in her hand, Madame de Villemar entered: her neglected dreſs, and her dejection, went to the ſoul of Roſe; ſhe embraced her tenderly.

"The Dutcheſs is not worſe, I hope?"

"No, I truſt not," replied Gabrielle, "ſhe ſlept well laſt night, and is now up, in her own room, and at her devotions."

"I rejoice to hear this, my dear Gabrielle. Believe me, your idea has haunted me, ever ſince we parted yeſterday. I could not admit any peace, until I had offered you all the aſſiſtance and comfort in my power. Mr. ONiel is now better: let me then, my friend, ſhare in your preſent duties!"

"No, no; I ſhall not need it. My mother's complaint, which is conſumptive, requires little more than watchfulneſs

neſs and tenderneſs: it occaſions me no fatigue but that of the heart; and that, my dear Roſe, no friend can ſhield me from."

Madame de Villemar's eyes filled with tears, as ſhe ſpoke. Roſe, willing to change the ſubject, produced the MSS. Sonnet, and enquired the name of its author. Her friend, almoſt blinded by encreaſing tears, took the paper with a trembling hand, and cruſhed it in her boſom; then yielding to a torrent of emotion, flung herſelf upon the neck of Roſe. Roſe preſſed her to her heart, but ſpoke not.

"O, my dear girl!" ſaid Madame de Villemar, riſing, and covering her face with her hands; "you know not how unhappy and how unworthy I am."

Roſe repeated the laſt words, with an incredulous air. Madame de Villemar ſighed.

"Will you ſtill love me Roſe, if I confeſs to you, that the ſonnet which you have juſt read was written by me near four years ago, when my perſon was the property of one man, my heart that of another?"

Roſe trembled and turned pale: her heart ſeemed to pauſe in her boſom, as if waiting for the termination of this confeſſion.

"Perhaps you know not," continued Madame de Villemar, "that I was married, before the age of fifteen, to Monſieur de Villemar: I paſſed from a convent into his poſſeſſion, and knew nothing of the duties of the ſtate into which the ambition of my poor father had plunged me. The ſplendor in which I lived with my huſband for the firſt year did not, however, ſatisfy my heart; every day brought with it an increaſe of underſtanding and of ſenſibility, and I

ſoon found that all my newly-acquired reaſon was requiſite to enable me to ſupport a yoke, under which I had been placed by my father. At the expiration of one twelvemonth, real ſorrow overwhelmed me. My huſband, diſappointed in views of aggrandiſement and power, which he had hoped to gain about the court; vexed at the want of an heir to his vaſt property; and alas! tired of my perſon and character, began to treat me with ſeverity, and ſometimes with violence. Soon afterwards, the revolution ſo fatal to the nobility of France, was effected. Monſieur de Villemar was in danger of apprehenſion: I exerted myſelf to ſave him; and in conſequence of much perſonal fatigue, riſk, and anxiety, was able to accompany him and my mother to England. My poor father was then in Germany with

the army: his unhappy fate you cannot be ignorant of."

At this ſentence, Gabrielle ſtopped to recover herſelf.

"In our paſſage from Hamburgh," continued ſhe, "which was tedious and perilous, we met with a young Scotchman: he was going, I found, to reſide only a few months in England, for the ſake of accelerating ſome law buſineſs of his father's. This gentleman's accompliſhments, and kindneſs, ſoothed me under many an anguiſhed moment. It was impoſſible for him not to ſee the ſtormy burſts of my huſband's temper; and though I induſtriouſly concealed from every eye, the tears which it cauſed; yet my dejected manner, ſeemed to touch him ſenſibly. We did not ſeparate at Harwich: he had pleaſed Monſieur de Villemar, and had recommended him lodgings in London, near which he was

to

to reſide himſelf. There, for ſix months, I ſaw him perpetually. Oh, Roſe! how often have I chid my heart, for the involuntary compariſons which it drew between him and my huſband! His gentleneſs, his tenderneſs, his enlarged mind, his unceaſing benevolence, were always before me. In the firſt days of our acquaintance, he had told me, that he was engaged to a charming young woman; of courſe then, his attentions to us all, had begun in friendſhip: Alas! his eyes at length confeſſed, that it had ended in love. From that moment, ſenſible of our danger, we avoided each other. He left England. Roſe! was not this honourable conduct, too noble not to be eſteemed? I dwelt on it with guilty enthuſiaſm: and ſometimes, loſt in the delight of knowing that I was dear to *him*, I forgot that I was the wife of Monſieur de Villemar. That little

poem

poem which I hold in my breaſt, was written in one of theſe moments. Two months ſubſequent to this, I accompanied my mother and my huſband to Ireland. Soon after, I became a widow."

Madame de Villemar ſtopped. Roſe, in a faultering voice, aſked her, whether the Scotch gentleman yet lived.

"Yes, he lives!" ſaid Gabrielle with a deep ſigh, "and has, I truſt forgotten me. Heaven is my witneſs! that after the delirium of mind into which a ſeparation from him threw me, I made that hope my daily prayer. If his heart reſembled mine, the guilt, rather than the paſſion itſelf, muſt have conſtituted his greateſt torment. Ah! what tears have I not ſhed, over the conſciouſneſs of my fault! and how often on my knees before the throne of goodneſs, praying for pardon, and imploring aſſiſtance, have I not inwardly felt a conviction, that my

miſguided

miſguided father, was the origin of my grief! Roſe, if you ſhould ever be a mother, remember my ſtory. Tremble, ere you lead an unwilling, almoſt infant daughter to the alter; leſt you ſhould one day become anſwerable for her abandonment of virtue. Oh! into what depths of ſhame might not *I* have been ſunk, had Lord Glenroy——"

"Lord Glenroy!" exclaimed Roſe. Madame de Villemar was ſilent a few moments, then anſwered in a more agitated voice.

"I will not deſcribe to you my pangs, upon ſeeing Miſs Bellingham, and hearing from her lips, that Glenroy is ſtill unhappy, I have perhaps, been criminal in recalling my former emotions, by the confidence I have repoſed in you; let us therefore ceaſe to talk upon this ſubject.—Come, I hear my mother's voice, we will join her."

Madame

Madame de Villemar went haſtily out of the room as ſhe ſpoke, and Roſe wiping off the tears with which ſhe had liſtened to her narrative, followed her to the Dutcheſs.

When Roſe returned home in the evening, ſhe found Mr. ONiel and Charlemont, ſitting gloomily by the fire. A cloud of diſpleaſure was upon the brow of Mr. ONiel; one of ſorrow, upon that of Charlemont. The latter however roſe at the entrance of Miſs de Blaquiere, and gave her his chair.

"Felix has been making me very angry, and very unhappy;" ſaid Mr. ONiel, "he has got the fooliſh idea of fighting into his head; and though he knows that his death would break my heart, yet he declares himſelf determined to ruſh into certain deſtruction."

"Why certain? my dear Sir!" aſked Charlemont mildly, "do me the juſtice

to

to believe, that I would not willingly pain any one, and you, leſs than all people. But does not my country now call upon me, for my ſervices? With what plea can I reject her ſummons? my father's authority, I diſclaim: his commands, have hitherto kept me in a corps, which is too inglorioufly inactive, for me to endure."

"But your uncle, Felix! you know he was the origin of that command: if you offend him, what an immenſe property will you loſe!"

"O Sir!" cried Charlemont, with a ſmile of ſuperiority; "do you think that money is to purchaſe *my* principles? I have hitherto remained in the Life Guards, in obedience to my father. He now renounces me; he has withdrawn my yearly allowance; and ſurely, I am free to ſeek that mode of ſubſiſtence which is beſt ſuited to my ſituation!

Beſides

Beſides all this, I repeat, my wiſhes urge me to join in the dangers of my countrymen: however, I will not conceal from you, that had my fate been happier, I might have been leſs reſolved."

His eyes at that moment met thoſe of Roſe. He drew a deep ſigh, and preſſing his hand on his forehead, leaned ſilently againſt the chimney-piece. Roſe would have ſpoken, but her heart beat ſo violently, that ſhe could not. Mr. ONiel complained loudly.

"Six weeks ago," continued he, "you ſaid you were happy here: what new ſource of miſery, has your reſtleſs ſpirit diſcovered? Stay with us, my dear Felix! you have a ſoul ſuperior to common pleaſures; you can find that which is to your taſte here: I am rich, and I am ſingle; whilſt I live, this ſhall be

your

your home; and when I die, you and Roſe ſhall ſhare all that I poſſeſs."

Charlemont flung himſelf impetuouſly at the feet of Mr. ONiel: he ſeized his hand, and preſſed it to his lips.—"Ah! if I could indeed ſhare it with her!" was in his heart, but his voice did not utter it.

"Deareſt, beſt of men!" cried he with emotion, "O believe, that your Felix honours and loves you, beyond his power to declare! But I confeſs myſelf unhappy; I long to quit Killarney: in buſier ſcenes of duty and of danger, I hope to recover that compoſure, which I know I can never regain here."

"Go then;" ſaid Mr. ONiel, riſing; "I will not detain you. You ſhall follow the dictates of your own heart, though the conſequences of them, may break mine. Good night to you.—

This

This has agitated and afflicted me, and I muſt ſeek reſt in my own room."

As he ſpoke, he drew his hand haſtily, but affectionately out of the warm graſp of Charlemont's, and hurried from the apartment. Charlemont left ſtanding by the half-opened door, gazed in pale ſpeechleſſneſs, upon the figure of Roſe; ſhe was ſitting weeping by the fire: his heart throbbed; again he looked at her; again a paler anxiety ſpread over his features, and ſome words trembled on his tongue; but the idea of Fitzpatrick croſſed him, and ſcarcely articulating *good night*, he haſtened into the gallery.

When Roſe was left to herſelf, ſhe did not attempt to ſtruggle with her grief. The fears which Charlemont had awakened at Lady Dunallen's were now confirmed. She ſaw him bent upon going to a foreign land, where too probably he would fall. She ſaw him almoſt cloſe

cloſe his eyes upon the attachment, which ſhe now thought, ſhe could no longer conceal; and ſhe wept with all the impatience of diſappointment, over his mingled paſſion and prudence. The ſound of Mrs. Heſter's voice in the outer court, who had juſt returned from a charitable viſit, made her ſtart up, and fly to another apartment; where ſhe ſpent ſome time in effacing the traces of her tears.

The ſucceeding day, brought Lady Margaret Forbes and Miſs Bellingham, to Caſtle-Connel. The latter came with a determination of carrying Miſs de Blaquiere back with her to Mount Randal; and as Roſe knew that Charlemont was already there, ſhe could not find reſolution to ſupport the reaſons, which her diſcretion urged againſt the viſit. After a few faint denials, ſhe followed the lively

lively Flora to the houſe of Lady Dunallen.

The counteſs was writing in the parlour, into which the little party was uſhered; and as the two young ladies ran up ſtairs to change their dreſs for dinner, Roſe found herſelf alone with the repulſive Lady Dunallen. A profound ſilence ſucceeded to the cold ſalutation of her ladyſhip, who occupied in folding up a letter, ſeemed totally to forget the preſence of her daughter's viſitor.

Roſe, uncomfortably abaſhed, alternately looked upon the grand ſtretch of hills which ſpread before the windows, now glittering in froſt; and on the portrait of a young man, which filled the extremity of the room. In a contemplation of his faded, but lovely lineaments, Roſe ſoon loſt all remembrance of the haughty Counteſs; to which ſhe was re-awakened, by her ladyſhip ringing

ing for a candle. As ſhe turned inſtinctively round, ſhe met the eye of Lady Dunallen; it was looking on her intently,—but ſtill ſhe ſpoke not, and Roſe again became embarraſſed. As her ladyſhip toſſed two or three ſealed letters towards the ſervant who waited to receive them, Roſe accidentally ſaw the direction of one, it was to Lady Roſ. common. A ſtart of ſurpriſe and indignation, followed the ſight of her name. When the footman withdrew, Lady Dunallen coolly taking up her knotting, addreſſed Roſe.

"How nearly related are you, Miſs de Blaquiere, to Mr. ONiel? I forget whether you were introduced to me as his niece, or his couſin, or——"

"As his niece," replied Roſe, heſitating and bluſhing.

The

The Counteſs, occupied with her work, did not obſerve this embarraſſment; ſhe went on.

"Mr. ONiel has a very good property here I find. I am told he is an excellent man."

Roſe was now eloquent: ſhe ſpoke of her protector, with love, with enthuſiaſm, and with juſtice. Lady Dunallen vouchſafed a ſmile.

"I dare ſay this is all pretty true; and if it were not, you are a very good girl for thinking ſo: Mr. ONiel appears extremely fond of you.—But Miſs de Blaquiere, how comes it that Mr. Charlemont ſtays ſo long at Caſtle-Connel? He is acting very ſtrangely."

Her ladyſhip ſtopped for a reply; and Roſe, almoſt breathleſs with agitation, attempted to ſpeak.

"I have

"I have never known any thing of Mr. Charlemont," ſaid ſhe, "that was not honourable to his heart. Your ladyſhip cannot, I think, mean that any odium attaches to his preſent conduct!"

A graceful bluſh brightened her eyes as ſhe ſpoke. Lady Dunallan looked down.

"I cannot certainly approve his conduct;" replied ſhe, with a ſtill colder air; "ſince I think, Miſs de Blaquiere, that it ſubjects *you* to much animadverſion."

"Me! good heavens! what does your ladyſhip mean?"

"I mean this. Mr. Charlemont is a young man of rank, whoſe expectations are great, whoſe perſon, talents, and actions, can never withdraw themſelves wholly from obſervation and inquiry: this temporary rupture with his father, muſt end; people foreſee it: he will re-

turn into ſociety, and then what becomes of the Miſs de Blaquiere, whom he ſingled out to conſole him?" Roſe, ſtupified with aſtoniſhment, ſat gazing upon the Counteſs, unable to reply. Her ladyſhip went on.

"Don't miſtake me, Miſs de Blaquiere! I do not wiſh to inſinuate that *you* have any deſigns or deſires that way; I only warn you of the diſagreeable things which you will be doomed to hear, when Mr. Charlemont quits the houſe in which he has now ſtaid near three months; where his only young companion was a pretty woman, about whom he is always talking, and to whom he is always attending."

"You are wrong, madam!" exclaimed Roſe, her countenance animated with the indignation of offended delicacy; "Mr. Charlemont pays me no attentions but thoſe of friendſhip: gratitude to

to Mr. ONiel, enſures civility to his niece; and Mr. Charlemont would diſhonour his character, if he did not yield it to her. If nothing elſe were wanting to cruſh preſumptuous hopes on my ſide, and debaſing wiſhes on his, the difference in our rank, our birth, our fortune, would place them beyond all doubt. Mr. Charlemont is neither my lover, nor my admirer, Madam! He is ſtill free, and therefore a prize, for which all his equals may contend."

Roſe ſtood up as ſhe concluded, and her piercing eye pointed the meaning of a ſpeech, which was dictated by the belief that Lady Dunallan was thus inquiſitive upon her daughter's account. The Counteſs, with her fearleſs and cold eyes, anſwered the look.

"I had no intention to offend you, Miſs de Blaquiere," replied ſhe in a ſtifled voice, "indeed, I don't know

how this ridiculous dialogue commenced: I certainly ought not to have opened myſelf out ſo much to a young lady about whom I know ſo little. The fact is, I believe I was drawn forth, by your very touchy defence of Mr. Charlemont againſt my trivial remark reſpecting his oddity: however, I beg your pardon; though I aſſure you upon my honour, that Mr. Charlemont's inconſiderate praiſes of you, have already made all the men in *my* houſe, *ridicule him*, and *pity you*."

Roſe, with a quivering lip, and trembling hand, eagerly ſeized her cloak; but as ſuddenly relinquiſhing it, while her eyes filled with tears, ſhe ſaid; "I know not how to underſtand your ladyſhip! I would fain believe that the Counteſs of Dunallan, in her own houſe, would not wilfully inſult a poor girl,

ſomething beneath her in rank, but fully her equal in ſenſibility!"

"Sit down, Miſs de Blaquiere:" ſaid her ladyſhip, "I proteſt, you are as ſtrange a creature as Mr. Charlemont himſelf! What have I done to cauſe theſe tears, and that reſentful air? I meant it for your ſervice: I thought that a hint reſpecting common report, might awaken you to a ſenſe of danger; and urge you to prompt Mr. ONiel, in adviſing his young friend to return to his duty and his friends."

"Mr. Charlemont will not be long the ſource of any reports in Killarney;" replied Roſe, trembling with increaſed emotion; "he is going abroad."

The Counteſs repeated her words, with ſome ſurpriſe, adding, "and when does he go?"

"I have had no opportunities of enquiring particularly into Mr. Charle-

mont's intentions;" replied Roſe timidly, remembering Lady Dunallan's correſpondence with Lady Roſcommon; "but I have no doubt, his friend Lord Glenroy knows, and can inform your ladyſhip."

As Roſe had moved, unconſciouſly, to the window whilſt ſhe was ſpeaking; ſhe ſaw Charlemont and Glenroy, at that moment riding through the long avenue of trees which led to Mount Randal. Before Lady Dunallan could break the mortifying ſilence into which the dignified air, rather than the words of Roſe, had thrown her, the Viſcount and his friend entered the room. The fine crimſon on the cheek, and the effulgent light in the eye of Charlemont, were the effect of exerciſe alone; in a few moments they faded entirely, and left in their place, paleneſs and languor.

"This

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss de Blaquiere!" said Lord Glenroy, "are we indebted for it to Miss Bellingham?"

"I believe my lord, I am Lady Margaret's visitor," said Rose.

"Be it as it will," replied his lordship, "you are welcome to us all. Come Felix, I see it is on the stroke of four, and we have yet to unboot ourselves."

Lord Glenroy led the way out of the parlour; and Miss Bellingham made her appearance.

"Well, my blushing Rose!" said she, advancing gaily towards her, as she still leaned upon the window-frame, whispering as she spoke; "I see that you have not been *quite* bored to death, with the grim Countess there! I have just met Lord Glenroy and Mr. Charlemont, who I suppose have been as usual, most facetious company? they are indubitably, very lacrymal companions.—By the

way, Lady Dunallan! How comes it that Captain Fitzpatrick is not here?—O mercy! (looking at her watch,) five minutes paſt four! and we dine at a quarter after!—and pray! what has become of our other precious gallants?"

"I know nothing about them:" returned the Counteſs, "I never aſk after theſe idle young men."

"Oh, here comes one," cried Miſs Bellingham, pointing to her brother; "So ſir! what a glorious time-book *you* will be able to make up, at a certain day, when Beelzebub ſtands with red-hot hands, eager to catch you! two whole hours I proteſt, at your toilet: O fie George! *I* have not been up ſtairs half that time, and yet I have ſcribbled two letters, put on and taken off, twenty gowns I believe, and rouged myſelf up—as you ſee!"

The

The lively ſpeech, arch ſmile, and whimſical curtſey of Miſs Bellingham, were all anſwered with a teſty *pshaw!* ſhe put up her lip, ſhrugged her ſhoulders, and turned away.

"Did you ever ſee ſuch creatures!" ſaid ſhe to Roſe, in a low voice; "there is not a ſoul in Mount Randal, poſſeſſed of a grain of elaſticity; if I ſpeak, nobody anſwers me; if I ſmile, nobody looks pleaſed; and if I ſigh, not a creature ſeems to have heard it."

Flora ſighed as ſhe ſpoke, and caſting down her moiſtened eye, ſaw the picture of Lord Glenroy, which had fallen through the opening of ſome lace about her boſom; ſhe put it in, with quickneſs. Roſe, whoſe heart was full of the narrative of Madame de Villemar, found an agony of pity riſe in her breaſt.

"Can

"Can *you* ever ſigh unheard? my dear Miſs Bellingham," ſaid ſhe, gently preſſing her hand.

"Aye, many is the good time and oft;" returned the beautiful Flora, with an earneſtneſs which warred with the vivacity of her words; "in ſpite of all my giddineſs, I can both ſigh and cry; though no one gives me credit for the faculty of doing either, I believe."

"Every body admires, every body loves you, I am ſure!" ſaid Roſe, "if you would not ſuſpect me of flattery, I *would* ſay, that nature has given you that magic——"

"Mirth, and ſpirit, and good humour, and ſo forth," interrupted Miſs Bellingham, her fine eyes glowing with graceful confuſion; "which amuſes every body, and intereſts no one! between you and I, Miſs de Blaquiere," added ſhe in a lowered voice, as Lord Glenroy entered the

the room; "there is *one* perſon in Mount Randal, who thinks that I have no heart: Ah! he knows not how often he has made it ache.—Yes; I am talking of *you*, my lord!" continued ſhe, in a gayer tone, as her eyes accidentally met thoſe of the Viſcount. Lord Glenroy approached.

"And what were you ſaying of me, my dear Miſs Bellingham?"

"Scandal, my lord!"

The Viſcount ſhook his head; "you ſlander yourſelf in ſaying ſo: I know that in your goodneſs, my thouſand faults, find a benevolent veil."—He put her hand which he held, mournfully to his lips, and turned away. Miſs Bellingham haſtily left the room. Roſe gazed after her with compaſſion; and withdrawing her eyes, as the door opened to admit Captain Fitzpatrick, ſaw Charlemont by her ſide. A bluſh, at the recollection

of her recent dialogue with Lady Dunallan, covered her cheeks. Lady Dunallan was then looking at her; and Rose, answering rapidly an observation of Charlemont's, quitted him, and joined Lady Margaret Forbes. Charlemont, while his face glowed with surprise and anger, walked haughtily to a distance; his heart alternately hated and adored her in the same moment; and now thinking her a coquet, and now only timidly delicate, he remained absorbed in meditation, unmindful of the loud voices of the Carysforts, who had entered, and were gathered with others round a new cocked-hat of Captain Fitzpatrick's. Its shape, hue, and lightness, engaged their attention until the servant announced dinner, and Lady Dunallan led the way to the eating-room.

When Miss Bellingham took her seat at table, Rose's watchful eyes saw the traces

traces of tears in hers; her lively countenance was saddened, and her spirits depressed: she did not recover them until late in the evening, when the gentlemen came to tea in the drawing-room, and Fitzpatrick took his seat by her side.

Rose, who was placed near Lady Margaret, listened wearily to her insipid, and now affected discourse. Since the arrival of the young men at Mount Randal, she had laid aside her indifference, and had become trifling, talkative, and overbearing: she called the attention of her unwilling hearer, alternately to Colonel Carysfort and Mr. Bellingham.—The latter was so *high bred*, in such *good ton*, so excessively *fine*, so truly the *man of fashion*; and the former, was so *good humoured*, so *diverting*, so *handsome*, and so *bewitchingly negligent*."

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When Rose got up from the instru-
ment, the Colonel loaded her with plau-
dits: he always contrived to give his
unmeaning praise, where it was the most
out of place; and he now observed, that
"never

Roſe could not diſcover theſe perfections in either of the gentlemen. Mr. Bellingham was an inſolent *pick-tooth* ſort of a creature, who rarely condeſcended even to attempt the entertainment of his equal, and never debaſed himſelf by ſhewing any civility to an inferior: he thought Miſs de Blaquiere beautiful and attractive, but ſhe was *nobody*, and as ſuch, he completely *cut her*. The Colonel on the contrary, was not only a profound fool, but a groſs flatterer; and Roſe ſmiled with contempt, as Lady Margaret praiſed his intolerable jargon, and ridiculous compliments.

A requeſt of Lord Glenroy's ſoon releaſed her from this tedious ſituation: he was deſirous to hear her ſing; Mr. Charlemont had ſpoken of her muſical talents, in the moſt animated terms; ſhe complied immediately. At the firſt ſounds of her low but melodious voice

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(of which the rich notes ſeemed to flow into each other, like the mingling waves of a ſtream,) Charlemont roſe from his ſeat, and approached the harpſichord. Lord Glenroy, loſt in the exquiſite delight of liſtening to her delicious tones, of admiring her affecting taſte, did not obſerve any thing elſe, until thoſe beautiful tones had ceaſed. He then raiſed his head, and ſaw Charlemont gazing on her, with an expreſſion of fondneſs ſo intenſe, of admiration ſo extreme, that he felt a bluſh of confuſion kindle in his own cheeks. He haſtened towards him, and whiſpered a few words. Charlemont ſtarted, and covered with ſhame, turned from him.

When Roſe got up from the inſtrument, the Colonel loaded her with plaudits: he always contrived to give his unmeaning praiſe, where it was the moſt out of place; and he now obſerved, that

"never

"never before had he heard ſuch a ſtrong, and ſuch a high voice; ſhe was quite a Banti!"

Lord Glenroy was more judicious: the quality of her voice, rather than its ſtrength, was the proper ſubject of encomium; it had great compaſs, with infinite ſweetneſs, but was neither ſtrong nor high: it penetrated the heart, without piercing the ear, and ſeemed merely the language of her tender ſoul. Glenroy ſhewed by his countenance, that it had affected him; and a few emphatic words ſerved to convince her that it had.

Glees and duets ſucceeded. Charlemont ſung a fine tenor; and Mr. Carysfort ſucceeded tolerably in the baſs. The evening was concluded by a very fine accompaniment by Fitzpatrick on the violin, which the piano-forte of Miſs Bellingham

Bellingham (whoſe execution and taſte were unrivalled) exquiſitely ſupported.

As Fitzpatrick returned home in Mr. ONiel's carriage, (which was to ſet him down at Killarney,) he told Roſe and Charlemont, that his mother was to have all the Mount Randal party to dinner on his birth-day, (the day after the next,) and commiſſioned Miſs de Blaquiere with cards of invitation, for Mr. and Mrs. ONiel.

"And do you not aſk Mr. Charlemont, and me?" ſaid Roſe, as the coach ſtopped at the gate of Caſtle-Connel.

"To be ſure;" cried he, "there is not a man in the world, that I like half ſo well as I do Charlemont." He graſped him cordially by the hand as he ſpoke; "upon my ſoul!" added he, "contemplating *your* character, has made me bluſh at my own: and may I periſh

or

or be deſpiſed, if I do not ſtrive to imitate you!"

Charlemont's eyes fell with painful diſorder, under the honeſt ſparkle of the ingenuous Fitzpatrick's: his heart ſmote him, and he preſſed the hand which held his, warmly with the other.

"Fitzpatrick!" ſaid he earneſtly, "*you* are *my* ſuperior: at this moment, you make me abhor myſelf," while he ſpoke, he leaped out of the carriage, and giving his hand to Roſe, hurried into the houſe.

When Charlemont laid his head upon his pillow, the artleſs and ſincere ſpeech of Captain Fitzpatrick, ſtill agitated him; for the firſt time in his life, he was humbled to the ſoul: he contraſted his own petulant inconſiſtency, his alternate kindneſs and inſult, with the generous reliance and warm friendſhip of the leſs reflecting officer. He knew him to be

be his inferior in mind, but he acknowledged him his ſuperior in heart.

" That he ſees my admiration of Roſe," thought he, " is certain: I cannot diſguiſe it. Yet he ſeems eager to ſnatch opportunities of drawing out the few talents I poſſeſs, of exaggerating my good qualities, of cloſing his eyes upon my bad ones. He truſts me with his happineſs, by leaving the woman he loves almoſt perpetually in my ſociety; and appears equally to rely upon *my* honour, and *her* conſtancy. Shall I then betray this noble confidence? Shall I take advantage of the ſeeming indifference, which their ſituation obliges them now to aſſume, and try to win her for myſelf? Weak as my paſſion has rendered me, my heart is not quite ſcared againſt the grandeur of ſelf-conqueſt. I will reſign thee Roſe!" he added aloud, with a deep ſigh; then cloſed his eyes,

full

full of the determination of thinking upon her no more: but ſleep refuſed to eaſe his weary ſoul; and the whole reſtleſs night was ſpent in vain and romantic reveries of heroic diſintereſtedneſs, or ſweet abandonment to love and joy.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Charlemont was ſeated the next day at his drawing, and Roſe was amuſing Mr. ONiel and his induſtrious ſiſter, with her harpſichord, a knot of men from Mount Randal and Fort Kerry, rather ruſhed, than walked into the parlour: as they all ſpoke at once, and all in nearly the ſame jargon of joyful oaths, and vehement invitations, Roſe would have been at a loſs to diſcover their errand, had not the ſkates which they held in their hands, betrayed the ſubject of their noiſe.

A ſharp froſt the preceding night, having ſucceeded to the moderate one of the

the evening before, the lower Lake was frozen completely over, and preſented ſuch a fine body of ice, that the Carysforts, Bellingham, and Sir Kenelm OBrien's coroneted viſitors, hurried in a buzzing ſwarm, to drag Charlemont from his employment.

The almoſt immediate appearance of Lord Glenroy and Fitzpatrick, who announced their intention of exhibiting before the Mount Randal ladies, determined Charlemont. He was ſoon accommodated with ſkaits by one of the young lords, (whoſe ſervant was ſtationed on the banks of the Loch, with a perfect cargo of them,) and became ſhortly after, the gaze and admiration of all the ſurrounding beholders.

Mr. ONiel contented himſelf with looking out of his drawing-room window: but Roſe and her good aunt, joined the Dunallan party, who had alighted

alighted from their carriages, and were walking upon the ſhore.

"O! my ſoul!" cried Lady Margaret, with a pretty ſort of giddy pleaſure, as Miſs de Blaquiere drew near; "Did you ever ſee a man half ſo handſome, as that creature Mr. Charlemont? He ſhall never do any thing but ſkait as long as he lives. He puts one in mind of a hero in romance, or one of the Grecian ſtatues you know, don't he?"

"Not at all like a *ſtatue*," returned Roſe, her eye delightedly following the noble figure of Charlemont.

"No! that *I'll* be ſworn!" cried Miſs Bellingham, advancing forward; "all the graces of motion, are there added to the ſymmetry of proportion. Certainly that Charlemont has taken out a patent for grace! Nobody walks like him, nobody talks like him, nor ſings, nor reads, nor dances, nor dreſſes, nor ſkaits—yes, upon

upon my honour! there is Fitzpatrick, gliding along like a feathered mercury! —Oh, my dear madam!" added ſhe, turning round to Mrs. Fitzpatrick; "take my word for it, that your ſon is a very elegant creature."

As Roſe heard theſe words, ſhe looked back, and ſaw Madame de Villemar leaning upon the arm of her aunt.

"I have been forced here, by Miſs Bellingham;" ſaid the lovely *Emigree*, in a low voice; "ſhe overtook my aunt and me in a walk, and inſiſted upon our accompanying her to the Loch. You may well ſuppoſe, that I would give the univerſe to quit this place."

Roſe inquired after the Dutcheſs.

"She is better, my dear girl; one of the Miſs OBriens has been kind enough to take her an airing in their carriage.—Tell me," ſhe added in a ſtill deeper whiſper, "is Lord Glenroy here?"

Before

Before Roſe could anſwer, a circle of gentlemen on the ice, ſeparated, and diſcovered the Viſcount moving rapidly forward towards Charlemont. The rich colour of joy, which flushed into the cheek of Madame de Villemar, when ſhe again ſaw the man, whoſe virtues had been for four years, the only companion of her ſolitary thoughts, was ſoon diſplaced by paleneſs and agitation. She panted for breath, and haſtily withdrawing her arm from that of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, caught hold of Roſe.

"I cannot remain near Miſs Bellingham," ſaid ſhe, her voice faultering, and her hand trembling as Roſe compaſſionately took it.

"Compoſe yourſelf, my deareſt Gabrielle!" whiſpered Roſe, "this emotion will betray you. If you cannot meet Lord Glenroy, I will return with you to our houſe."

"Bear with me a little!" ſaid Gabrielle, preſſing her throbbing temples with her hand; "I ſhall ſoon recover. To-morrow, I find I *muſt* ſee him."

Roſe preſſed the hand ſhe held, in ſilent ſympathy, and led her gently along the bank. Miſs Bellingham, occupied in praiſing Fitzpatrick, and *quizzing* Mr. Carysfort's gigantic awkwardneſs, did not perceive the departure of the two friends; but Lady Margaret, who could not prevail, even on the good-natured Miſs Prudy OBrien, to liſten patiently to her extravagant admiration of the Colonel's dexterity, and Mr. Bellingham's indolent lounge; (the latter of whom, ſtood looking on, wiſely diſdaining to ſkait, becauſe—he could not,) ran eagerly after Roſe and her companion, and begged them—"only to come and ſee how divinely Colonel Carysfort and

Lord

Lord Bindon were doing the *Double Heart!*"

Madame de Villemar, making a ſtrong effort to regain her preſence of mind, drew her bonnet over her face, and ſuffered herſelf to be led back to her former ſituation. The lovely Flora immediately addreſſed Roſe.

"Do indulge yourſelf, my dear Miſs de Blaquiere," cried ſhe, "in looking at that dreadful ſet of men yonder! ſome ſliding, ſome falling, and not one able to ſtand without ſhaking like a coward. Do but admire the bent knees, and poking head of the witty Mr. Carysfort! And then dart your eye forward, and obſerve thoſe fine creatures that are ſkaiting up to us; there is Glenroy like Apollo, Fitzpatrick like a Mercury, and Mr. Charlemont like an Adonis! Don't pout your pretty lip, Miſs de Blaquiere; if I could have found a heathen deity,

which united the genius, activity, and beauty, which are the ſeparate attributes of theſe three, I would certainly have given his name to your friend: however, Adonis pleaſes *me* vaſtly well, for I never think that a man can be completely handſome, who has not fine features *ſplendorified* by ſoul, and fine limbs rendered expreſſive by grace."

"I am ſure if my brother heard all this," ſaid Lady Margaret, "he would grow jealous of his friend. O! my ſoul! here he comes!"

Madame de Villemar haſtily retreated behind her aunt, whoſe large and tall perſon, ſhe hoped would totally conceal her. The three young men, a moment afterwards, were amongſt them. Every one put in his claim to praiſe, and each of them received it. Fitzpatrick, as he met the ſmiling eyes of Miſs Bellingham, forgot all her engagements, and all his regrets:

regrets: he took her hand, complimented her on her appearance, and felicitated himself for having gained her approbation.

Charlemont, with eyes unwillingly turned from Rose, stood silently before her. Lord Glenroy was in uncommon spirits; the exercise of which he was very fond, had imparted animation both to his look and manner: his sister noticed the change.

"You can't guess," said she laughing, "what fine things we have been saying of you all! Miss de Blaquiere and Miss Bellingham, have been calling you by the names of every god in Bell's Pantheon. I declare I'll tell Flora!" added she, "Mr. Charlemont!"

As Charlemont raised his head to her ladyship's address, Miss Bellingham assured Lord Glenroy, that they had all noted *him* for his abominable inelegance;

and appealing to Roſe, exclaimed, "but where is your friend?"

Mrs. Fitzpatrick now miſſing her niece, moved aſide, and diſcovered the agitated Gabrielle, whom neither her large hat, nor altered complexion, could conceal from the ſtartled eye of Lord Glenroy. A deep crimſon covered his face, and ſtaggering back a few paces, he muſt have fallen, had he not been ſtopped by the ready arm of Fitzpatrick: momentary unſteadineſs upon his ſkaits, was the excuſe offered; and every one, except Flora Bellingham, gave credit to what he ſaid: ſhe ſaw his hand tremble, when he haſtily touched his hat to Madame de Villemar; and her ſearching eyes, darting upon that lady's varying complexion, ſeemed to take in at a ſingle glance, the whole truth. Roſe with great anxiety, watched the extraordinary and fine expreſſion, which ennobled

bled the features of the intereſting Flora, as ſhe ſtood looking intently upon her unhappy friend.

Lord Glenroy, who had turned round with extreme velocity was now out of ſight; and Charlemont, leaving Fitzpatrick to converſe with the ladies, immediately followed.

Fitzpatrick with all his gaiety, could not rouze Miſs Bellingham from the ſudden gravity into which this incident had thrown her: ſhe was ſunk in thought; and when the pauſes of Fitzpatrick's voice, awakened her to recollection, anſwered without ſpirit or meaning. Madame de Villemar ſtood ſhivering by the ſide of her aunt: this cold chill, which was the conſequence of the moſt terrible emotions, attracted the attention of Mrs. Fitzpatrick; who fancying that her niece had received injury from the ſeverity of the day, bade good morning to Miſs de Blaquiere, and advanced to Lady Mar-

garet Forbes, to pay the ſame compliment to her. Lady Margaret very civilly offered her carriage to take Mrs. Fitzpatrick home; but Miſs Bellingham avowing herſelf tired, inſiſted upon returning alſo; and propoſing to ſet down the two ladies at Killarney, quitted with a very altered manner, the gay ſcene upon the Lake.

Roſe remained amongſt the ſpectators upon the banks, until the carriage of young Lord Bindon carried away Lady Margaret Forbes, and another lady; ſhe then took leave of ſome other ladies who had joined her, and went penſively back to Caſtle-Connel. Charlemont again dined with Lord Glenroy; and he ſtaid ſo late in the evening, that Roſe was obliged to retire to bed at night, without having ſeen him.

The next morning produced a complete thaw: the ice was unſafe, and the ſkaiters were obliged to return home.

Charlemont,

Charlemont, whoſe active mind was never at a loſs for employment, ſaw this change without any regret, and retired ſoon after breakfaſt to his own room, where he occupied himſelf in writing to his agent and his uncle.

At four o'clock, he was ſummoned to the coach, which was to carry Mr. ONiel's family to Killarney. The mildneſs of the day, tempted the good old gentleman himſelf to venture to Ms. Fitzpatrick; and ſitting oppoſite to Roſe and Charlemont, he evinced the fullneſs of his recovery, by additional hilarity in his converſation.

The party from Mount Randal, were already arrived at Killarney. Lady Dunallen with a cold condeſcenſion, ſeemed merely to endure the humiliation of dining with the widow of a general. Lady Margaret flirted alternately with a recruiting officer, and young Lord Bindon.

And Miſs Bellingham, beautiful as the imagination of a lover, had reſumed all her ſmiles, and all her vivacity. Lord Glenroy and Mr. Bellingham, were their only attendants. Roſe found that the two Carysforts had been pre-engaged to Sir Kenelm OBrien, and ſhe was not ſorry to hear it.—But where was Gabrielle? ſhe feared to aſk, and yet the queſtion trembled perpetually on her lips. At every freſh entrance, her eye glanced towards the door, and ſtill found that Lord Glenroy's head turned in the ſame direction.

At length Gabrielle appeared, leading in her mother, whoſe benign and pallid countenance (in which a dignity almoſt regal was yet to be traced) ſeemed to attract univerſal veneration. Charlemont ſprang forward: his heart ever revered old age; and when to it was added ſorrow and ſickneſs, they excited a re-

ſpectful

ſpectful pity, which ſpoke diſtinctly in his face. He laid the Dutcheſs's arm gently upon his, while his eyes melted as they bent on her, and leading her tenderly to a ſeat, bowed and left her. Roſe looked on him with a heart aching with devotedneſs to his virtues: he met the look, and a tumult of delight ruſhed upon his ſoul.

Fitzpatrick went up to his aunt and couſin: he thanked them both for their goodneſs in honouring his birth-day with their preſence; and ſportively, but yet affectionately kneeling on one knee before the Dutcheſs, aſked her bleſſing, and kiſſed her hand.

Gabrielle was ſtanding penſively behind her mother's chair, when Lord Glenroy approached: he accoſted the dutcheſs with an emotion, which he ſtruggled to conceal; and then not venturing to raiſe his eyes to Gabrielle,

aſked in a hurried voice, after Monſieur de Villemar. Gabrielle did not anſwer; an undeſcribable pang ſhot through her heart: ſhe turned aſide to hide her tears, while the Dutcheſs in a low tone, informed Lord Glenroy that her daughter was a widow. The lips of Lord Glenroy became pale as ſhe ſpoke; he anſwered without knowing what he ſaid, and ſat down in a diſorder, which did not entirely eſcape the notice of Miſs Bellingham. While Lady Margaret Forbes was aſking her brother a thouſand impertinent queſtions about his knowledge of the Dutcheſs de Rouſillon, Roſe was anxiouſly endeavouring to withdraw Miſs Bellingham's attention from the Viſcount and her friend: the penetrating Flora had however ſeen enough.

"I have bad news to tell you, Miſs de Blaquiere;" ſaid ſhe with a ſigh,

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" at leaſt I hope *you* will think them ſo: I am going away in a few days."

" Going! and where to?" cried Fitzpatrick, eagerly approaching them.

" To Dublin."

" Heaven be praiſed!" exclaimed he, inconſiderately ſnatching her hand. She bluſhed angrily, and he begged her pardon. " I was mad, my dear Miſs Bellingham," ſaid he, " and did not know what I did. To find that I ſhall not loſe you quite, is almoſt too delightful to bear."

" How do you mean? I tell you, I am going to Dublin in a few days. We are all going."

" And ſo am I," cried Fitzpatrick joyfully, " the regiment is ordered to do duty in Dublin, and I muſt join it immediately. I received the news this morning, and ſhould certainly have ſhot myſelf to-morrow, but for the charming intelligence

preſence of Lord Glenroy; and his betrothed bride had evidently plunged her. Affection and good ſenſe, rarely fail of ſucceſs in any benevolent purpoſe. Gabrielle, by degrees liſtened, and at length joined in the intereſting converſation which Miſs de Blaquiere addreſſed to her.

Lord Glenroy contrived to avoid them both; but, his eyes frequently turned towards them, with the moſt piercing anguiſh, ſent to the heart of Gabrielle, the conviction of being ſtill beloved.

At an early hour after tea, the Dutcheſs retired: Charlemont and Lord Glenroy ſtarted up at the ſame moment, to offer their aſſiſtance to the venerable old lady; ſhe ſmiled benignly on the former, while ſhe took the arm of the latter, and thanking him in her own language, for his attentive goodneſs, told him, that

ſhe

therefore I ſhall certainly keep my promiſe."

"But what takes you ſo ſoon from Killarney?"

"A whim of my brother's: he hears that Miſs Harrington, an old flirt of his, has come to ſpend a month at the Lord Lieutenant's; and he is bent upon returning to attack her; you muſt know, ſhe is a famous wit, and a monſtrous fortune; and between ourſelves, I believe that poor George likes notoriety and money, even better than his own dear perſon."

"But why ſhould *you* return?"

Miſs Bellingham looked down; "becauſe," ſaid ſhe in a heſitating voice, "my mother has not been well, and I am not quite eaſy when away from her. She is not at all like the grim Counteſs there, I can aſſure you; but beſides, I find that her ladyſhip and all her family

are

which her depreſſed heart could not withhold, deprived him of the power of utterance: he haſtily took her hand, and carrying it to his lips, held it there for a few moments. Gabrielle ſcarcely articulating,—"forbear my lord!" gently diſengaged herſelf, and burſting again into tears, hurried through the hall.

When Lord Glenroy re-entered the drawing-room, every eye muſt have diſcerned his agitation, had any eyes been turned upon him beſides thoſe of Miſs Bellingham. Some of the company were placing themſelves at cards; and the reſt were gathered round Fitzpatrick, who ſeated in an inner apartment, at the lower end of the ſaloon, was propoſing an enigma of his own making, for the amuſement of his viſitors. Charlemont, whoſe capacious mind, could take in the leaſt, as well as the moſt ſublime objects, glided with graceful

graceful facility, into the agreeable trilling of the gay Fitzpatrick: he exerted himſelf to render the birth-day of the amiable officer, pleaſant to every one; and ſoon diſpelled by his ſmiles and wit, the clouds which darkened the brow of the lovely Flora, and dimmed the bright eyes of the enchanting Roſe. Lord Glenroy, with a penſive kind of pleaſure, ſhared, and in ſome degree, contributed to the enjoyment of the evening; but his heart ached in the midſt of merriment; and he ſaw the party break up (after muſic and childrens games,) with ſincere thankfulneſs.

The next day, which was the laſt of the Dunallans ſtay in Killarney, was devoted to regret and leave-taking. Roſe ſpent the whole of it at Mount Randal. Lady Margaret, ſeated in her muſic-room, was ſurrounded by gentlemen, who came to wiſh her a good journey;

journey; and occupied in hearing their fine ſpeeches, ſuffered Miſs Bellingham to keep Roſe the whole morning with her alone.

The manners of this intereſting young woman, diveſted for that time of gaiety, aſſumed a more touching and candid tone. Roſe ſaw in her, the ſoundeſt and nobleſt principles; ſhe beheld her heart, both tender and firm; and when ſhe thought upon the cold vows which Lord Glenroy was ſo ſoon to pay to her at the altar, ſhe lamented with the bittereſt regret, the hard fate of ſo much excellence.

As the dinner bell interrupted the long and almoſt melancholy converſation, of theſe new friends, Roſe in paſſing a window, obſerved Charlemont and Lord Glenroy, walking in apparent agitation, upon a ſtone-terrace, which ran along the front of the old houſe. By the

emotion

emotion visible in the countenance of Charlemont, and the deep dejection which was seated on that of his friend, Rose imagined that they were talking of Madame de Villemar. She was mistaken; her own attractions, and Charlemont's passion, had been the subject of their discourse.

The dinner, at which the family assembled, went off, in spite of Lady Margaret's gaiety, and Mr. Carysfort's sneering pleasantry, very stupidly: some were out of spirits, some out of humour, and some were fallen in love. The susceptible Colonel began to suspect that the pretty Miss de Blaquiere had entangled him "some how or other;" and he felt himself grow rather uneasy, at the prospect of her being entirely left to the insinuating attentions of the formidable Mr. Charlemont.—"He is handsome, and an honourable!" thought he,

he, "and I shall not be in the way." He shrugged up his shoulders, tossed off a bumper of madeira, and resolved to make formal proposals as soon as he reached Dublin. However, when the gallant Colonel did reach the metropolis, he verified the old proverb, "out of sight out of mind." And forgot Rose de Blaquiere's natural beauty, in the artificial charmers about the Castle.

Before Mr. ONiel's carriage was announced, the Countess rising from her seat, in a very stately manner requested Miss de Blaquiere would favour her with ten minutes conversation. Rose, trembling under her appalling eye, obeyed, and followed.

"You are a great favourite with me, Miss de Blaquiere," said her ladyship, as they sat down together in the library; "I have not seen many young women so pretty, and yet so well behaved

as

as yourſelf! Will you ſuffer me again to intrude my advice upon you?"

"If Mr. Charlemont be its ſubject," ſaid Roſe, with a modeſt firmneſs, which ſublimated the expreſſion of her whole youthful figure; "your ladyſhip muſt pardon me, if I refuſe to hear it. I have two excellent and experienced friends in Caſtle-Connel, who render the advice of all others ſuperfluous. Mr. Charlemont has not, and perhaps never will, offer me his hand: when he does, be aſſured that my conduct ſhall be regulated with propriety and candour."

"You are diſpleaſed, Miſs de Blaquiere!" returned Lady Dunallan, in a mortified tone, "Is there any thing ſo offenſive in my evincing the intereſt I take in you?"

Roſe was not to be deceived: a ſmile of bitter meaning, was her only anſwer. Lady Dunallan went on.

"I am ſincerely glad, that you appear yourſelf convinced of the folly of expecting any ſerious propoſals from Mr. Charlemont: you muſt ſee, for I have obſerved it, that of late he has avoided even common attentions to you. And why has he done ſo? becauſe the raillery of Mr. Carysfort, and my Lord Bindon, awoke him to a ſenſe of the injury he was doing you. I am confident, had it not been for Mr. Charlemont's indiſcreet attentions, that Colonel Carysfort, would have propoſed for you."

"I am very glad he did not," ſaid Roſe, "as I ſhould certainly never have accepted him."

Lady Dunallan ſtared at her with ſurpriſe; "and what do you look for, Miſs de Blaquiere?"

"A man, whom all the world muſt admire, love, and reſpect, or elſe to die unmarried."

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The Counteſs laughed. "I have heard that you write novels, or poetry, or ſomething, and now this convinces me: but a year or two, will correct thoſe romantic notions; till then, I have only to warn you as a friend, againſt deluding yourſelf with the hope, that Mr. Charlemont (who aſſuredly is admired, loved, and reſpected, by all the world,) will ever be willing or able, to enter into *honourable* engagements with a mere gentlewoman. Beſides, I have very good authority for ſaying, that a connection of another kind will keep him in ſlavery, perhaps for ever."

The blood forſook the cheeks of Roſe, and ruſhed into her heart: for an inſtant, ſhe doubted, but immediately conviction of Charlemont's unſhaking rectitude diſpelled the pain of ſuſpicion; and ſhe turned ſerenely towards the Counteſs.

"I have too high an opinion of Mr. Charlemont's principles," ſaid ſhe, "to believe any thing derogatory to his character. If any connexion does exiſt, to which myſtery may give the air of vice, I am convinced it will be found to be more unfortunate than reprehenſible. Suffer me now, madam, to thank your ladyſhip, for all the benevolence of your intentions, and to wiſh your ladyſhip health and happineſs in Dublin!"

The Counteſs, diſconcerted at the calm air of her young gueſt, roſe, and advanced to utter ſome inſincere expreſſions of friendſhip. Roſe, whoſe eyes were now reſting upon the portrait of a young man, which ſhe had once before contemplated with a painful ſort of pleaſure, anſwered the Counteſs by an incredulous ſmile and bow, and moving to lift up one of the candles which was to light them out, met her ladyſhip's eye,

eye, and beheld her face, pale and agitated. The Counteſs haſtily bade Roſe follow her, and quitting the room with unuſual precipitation, joined the company.

The carriages of Mr. ONiel, and Captain Fitzpatrick, (who had come to take his ſorrowful farewell of the Dunallan family,) were ſoon after announced. Roſe bade a civil adieu to Lady Margaret and her mother; but found tears guſh into her eyes, when ſhe felt the preſſure of Lord Glenroy's trembling hand, and the touch of Miſs Bellingham's lip.

"Whatever becomes of me, dear girl!" whiſpered Flora, "I will never forget that you alone have underſtood my character. The heart which you have honoured with your eſteem, ſhall never forfeit it. Strangely as I *do* act, as I may have *occaſion* ſtill to act, re-

member that I value *your* eſteem, and will never intentionally loſe a claim to ſuch a jewel. God bleſs you!"

She withdrew her hand from that of Roſe, to give it to Fitzpatrick; who took it with an ardent tenderneſs, which gliſtened in his eyes: he bent his head over it, as he articulated a faint adieu; and endeavouring to ſmile, bowed round to the reſt of the circle.

Charlemont, who was promiſing to join Lord Glenroy in the morning, and to attend him ſome part of the way, did not perceive the agitation of Captain Fitzpatrick; had he done ſo, perhaps he would not have preſerved the melancholy ſilence in which Roſe and he drove home to Caſtle-Connel.

The following morning, when the ONiel family met at breakfaſt, Roſe learned that Mr. Charlemont had been gone ſome time to Mount Randal. The

worthy

worthy Mrs. Heſter, with great concern told her brother and niece, that ſhe had ſeen Charlemont before he ſet out, and that he had acquainted her with the probability of his leaving Killarney in a few days.

"How ſo?" cried Mr. ONiel, putting down his untaſted cup of coffee.

"He tells me," ſaid Mrs. Heſter, "that Captain Herbert, who is recruiting here, (the young man we met the other day at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's,) has conſented to exchange with him immediately. Captain Herbert's father is likely to die, I find, and is therefore deſirous to retain his ſon at home."

"Then he will go abroad!" cried Roſe, in an accent of grief, which would have betrayed her to more penetrating eyes.

"Yes: I grieve to ſay he will," returned Mrs. Heſter, "the regiment is under orders for Deal, from whence

they are to join the army in Holland. And he ſays it is neceſſary for him to quit us directly. Heaven protect him! I am ſure I ſhall never know a moment's peace whilſt he is away."

"Nor I, ſiſter:" exclaimed Mr. ONiel, "but heaven's will be done! and ſo this cruel buſineſs is entirely ſettled! Well, be it ſo! I repeat again.—Come, Roſe, don't look ſo infectiouſly ſorrowful. I truſt that Providence will return him to us ſafe: but if not, if he ſhould fall, he will die in the arms of glory!"

Mr. ONiel's voice faultered, as he pronounced the laſt words; and Roſe, wholly overcome by the dreadful image which they had repreſented, burſt into tears, and ſtarting from her chair, hurried out of the room. There was ſomething in her manner, more than her tears, which affected thoſe ſhe left behind. Mr. ONiel and his ſiſter, ſtruck for the firſt time, with the ſame ſuſpi-

cion,

cion, looked at each other, but did not ſpeak. The tide of their feelings was now turned another way: they ſat for a long time ruminating in profound ſilence, then roſe, and ſeparated with deep ſighs.

The day paſt with Mr. ONiel, in bitter reflections upon his own blindneſs to an attachment, which he now diſtinctly perceived in the late emotions, and varying looks of Miſs de Blaquiere; whilſt Mrs. Heſter loſt much of her ſorrow about Charlemont, and apprehenſion with regard to her niece, in a conſtitutional ſerenity, which gradually returned as ſhe occupied herſelf in her hot-houſe, or her bird-room.

Charlemont did not appear at dinner: and Roſe, whoſe whole heart had been filled with the morning intelligence of Mrs. Heſter, got up directly after its concluſion, and went out. Mr. ONiel

ſhrugged

ſhrugged his ſhoulders, as ſhe departed, hummed away a ſigh, and ſtirred the fire.

The evening was cloſing in faſt, when Roſe paſſed along the old gallery, which led from the eating-room, and almoſt unconſcious of what ſhe was doing, ſhe entered the hall, and opening the glaſs doors, leaned againſt them, and looked upon the darkened proſpect. The ſhores, and iſlands were now all dim and ſilent: the motionleſs water, the ſtill trees, the clouds which ſeemed to pauſe upon the high tops of the mountains, the twilight which was every moment deepening in gloom, all united to preſs upon the before weighed down heart of Roſe. She gazed on them with tears.

"Oh, happy days of thoughtfulneſs and peace!" ſhe murmured to herſelf, "ye will never return! Theſe lakes, theſe

theſe hills, which ſo often have ſeen me delighted and unreflecting, will now be witneſs to my eternal ſorrow. Charlemont leaves me, leaves me perhaps for ever. Ah! how often at ſuch an hour as this, will my heart be aching for him, when he has almoſt forgotten my exiſtence! A moment will efface the ſlight impreſſion which I have made, but years can never baniſh the remembrance of him. His genius, his ſenſibility, his rectitude, where are they to be equalled? And theſe, O heaven! theſe may be extinguiſhed for ever!"

Roſe covered her now tearleſs eyes with a ſudden horror, as ſhe ſpoke. She tottered towards a bench, upon which ſhe threw herſelf; and delivering up her mind to every dreadful image which a field of battle preſents, ſat for ſome time, unconſcious of her ſituation. A noiſe at the entrance of the hall, made

her

her ſtart up: ſhe looked forward, and beheld by the light of the already riſen moon, Charlemont pale and covered with blood, bearing in his arms the body of a man, apparently dead. For an inſtant Roſe was rooted to the ground, but when ſhe ſaw him ſtagger faintly towards her, and lay the man down upon one of the ſeats, ſhe ſprung forward, Charlemont juſt had ſtrength to point to the lifeleſs body, before he fell himſelf motionleſs on the earth. Roſe then forgot every thing but him: ſhe ſhrieked out, and flinging herſelf upon the floor, endeavoured to raiſe him in her arms.

As ſhe was wildly chafing his temples, the ſtranger he had brought, groaned heavily. Again a loud ſhriek eſcaped her, and when the ſervants, whom her cries had attracted, entered the place, they found her nearly as inſenſible as the two objects of her anxiety. The butler,

butler, a ſenſible old man, had preſence of mind ſufficient to enable him to give orders for the bleeding ſtranger to be carried into his room. He then diſpatched Aleck to the town, for a ſurgeon; and hurrying away himſelf for hartſhorn and water, left Roſe alone with Charlemont.

She ſtill held him in her arms, forgetful of any thing but his danger, and her love: her eyes were fixed on his face, when ſhe ſaw his lips tremble with a ſhuddering ſigh; the next inſtant he looked up. As their eyes met, all the timid delicacy of her ſex ruſhed over her heart; ſhe ſhrunk back, and withdrawing her arms, which encircled him, he fell ſuddenly upon the floor: an expreſſion of extreme pain, immediately convulſed the features of Charlemont. It ſeemed to ſtab her to the ſoul: ſhe graſped his hand fearfully, exclaiming, "I have hurt you! I ſee I have!"

"No, no;" replied he, gaſping between every word, "I was hurt before. Think not of me, dear Roſe, but get aſſiſtance for the poor man I brought with me."

Roſe aſſured him that he was already taken care of.

"Then may I aſk you, to help in lifting up my head? I fear I have injured my ſhoulder."

Roſe, with the tendereſt, but bittereſt feelings, endeavoured to obey. Charlemont felt her tears dropping upon his pale forehead, and her heart beating under the heavy preſſure of his cheek: filled with the moſt grateful emotions, he bent his face upon the hand which was thrown round his neck to ſupport him, and preſſed his lips to it in ſilence. He would have ſpoken, but Fitzpatrick ruſhed upon his thoughts, and revulſed his hopes.

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The butler, who had cautiouſly informed Mrs. Heſter of the affair, now entered, followed by the old lady: ſhe aſſiſted with trembling eagerneſs in raiſing Charlemont, and leading him to his room; when he was laid upon the bed, he again relapſed into a ſtate of inſenſibility; and Mrs. Heſter dreading the worſt, diſpatched another ſervant for the ſurgeon, and went herſelf, to acquaint her brother of the ſituation of his young friend.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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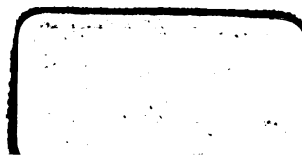
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